

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
VOLUME XLIV

No. 3399, August 28, 1909

{ FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXI.

## CONTENTS

I.	The Lords and the Budget.	QUARTERLY REVIEW	515
II.	A Pickwick Paper. <i>By Horace G. Hutchinson</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	520
III.	Saleh: A Sequel. Chapters XXV, XXVI and XXVII (Conclusion.) <i>By Hugh Clifford.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	530
IV.	Swinburne's Lyrical Poetry. <i>By Alice Maynell</i>	DUBLIN REVIEW	534
V.	The Hotel on the Landscape. <i>By Arnold Bennett</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	541
VI.	Other Kingdom. <i>By E. M. Forster</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	547
VII.	Professor Simon Newcomb. <i>By Sir Robert S. Ball</i>	NATURE	561
VIII.	Vanishing Navies.	NATION	565
IX.	Country Dancing.	SPECTATOR	567
X.	The Seaside Life of France.	OUTLOOK	570
XI.	The Approaching Opposition of Mars.	TIMES	572

## A PAGE OF VERSE

XII.	Clouds. <i>By William H. Davies</i>	NATION	514
XIII.	Ad Matrem Dolorosam. <i>By Henry Newbolt</i>	SPECTATOR	514
XIV.	La Mort des Pauvres. <i>By M. Jourdain.</i>	ACADEMY	514
XV.	England. <i>By L. Ann Cunningham</i>		514
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		575



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## CLOUDS.

My Fancy loves to play with clouds  
That hour by hour can change  
Heaven's face;  
For I am sure of my delight,  
In green or stony place.

Sometimes they on tall mountains pile  
Mountains of silver, twice as high;  
And then they break and lie like rocks  
All over the wide sky.

And then I see flocks very fair;  
And sometimes, near their bodies  
white,  
Are small, black lambs that soon will  
grow  
And hide their mothers quite.

Sometimes, like little fishes, they  
Are all one size, and one great shoal;  
Sometimes they like big sailing-ships  
Across the blue sky roll.

Sometimes I see small cloudlets tow  
Big, heavy clouds across those skies—  
Like little ants that carry off  
Great moths ten times their size.

Sometimes I see at morn bright clouds  
That stand so still! they make me  
stare;  
It seems as they had trained all night  
To make no motion there.

*William H. Davies.*

*The Nation.*

## AD MATREM DOLOROSAM.

Think not thy little fountain's rain  
That in the sunlight rose and flashed,  
From the bright sky has fallen again,  
To cold and shadowy silence dashed.  
The Joy that in her radiance leapt  
From everlasting hath not slept.

The hand that to thy hand was dear,  
The untroubled eyes that mirrored  
thine,  
The voice that gave thy soul to hear  
A whisper of the Love Divine—  
What though the gold was mixed with  
dust?  
The gold is thine and cannot rust.

Nor fear, because thy darling's heart  
No longer beats with mortal life,  
That she has missed the ennobling part  
Of human growth and human strife.  
Only she has the eternal peace  
Wherein to reap the soul's increase.

*Henry Newbolt.*

*The Spectator.*

## LA MORT DES PAUVRES.

[From *Charles Bandelaire.*]

Death is our sustenance, and makes us  
seize  
Hold on' our life: it is the end, the  
high  
Hope that is like a cordial we buy,  
And till the evening strengthens our  
weak knees;  
Beyond the snows, the frosts, the  
storms that freeze,  
The tremor of a light beneath a sky  
Of visible darkness, and the hostelry  
Where we may eat and sleep and take  
our ease.

It is an angel, in whose quickening  
palms  
Are folded joyous dreams and slumber-  
ous calms,  
Who makes the bed of naked men and  
poor;  
It is of God the mystic granary,  
The long home of the homeless, and  
his store;  
The door that opens on the unfathomed  
sky.

*M. Jourdain.*

*The Academy.*

## ENGLAND.

Give me a book, and let it be  
All lustrous-leaved and silver-writ;  
Its binding fair the restless sea;  
Let wild birds o'er its edges flit.  
Let there be townships pictured there,  
Drawn in their daily home-spun  
dress;  
And moorlands in their purple fair,  
Vast pleasant halls of idleness.

*L. Ann Cunningham.*

## THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

The House of Lords will presently be face to face with a dilemma in some respects more serious than any that has confronted it since 1832. More serious, because neither in 1884 nor in 1893 was the action of the Upper House likely to involve it in any real danger. In 1832 such a danger undoubtedly existed. Not only was a constitutional change of the greatest moment proposed, but the passions and the numbers of its supporters were such that, in all probability, a third rejection of the Reform Bill would have led to an outbreak of violence, in which the very existence, or at least the essential powers, of the Second Chamber might have been destroyed. Such a conjunction has not recurred.

The Franchise Bill of 1884 was a measure only second in importance to that of 1832; but the dispute between the two Houses turned, not on the principles of the Bill—which, however reluctantly, were accepted by the Lords—but on the question whether or not it should be linked with a Redistribution Bill, acknowledged by the Liberal leaders to be a necessary accompaniment of the larger measure. Narrowed to this issue, the conflict was not one which was likely to involve very serious consequences for the House of Lords, especially as the Parliament was then in its fourth year, and the position of the Government—as the next session showed—was by no means secure.

In 1893 the measure proposed was one of a revolutionary nature, but it was put forward by a Government whose tenure of office had always been precarious, and it was carried by a small majority, which obviously failed to represent the opinions of the predominant partner in the State. Moreover, a similar measure had been re-

jected, only eight years before, by the House of Commons itself; and this decision had been confirmed, on appeal, by an overwhelming majority of the nation. Lastly, it was clear that a hostile vote in the Upper House would not necessarily involve—as actually it did not involve—either the resignation of the Ministry or a dissolution of Parliament. In these circumstances, not only could the Lords reject without anxiety a measure like the second Home Rule Bill, but it was their obvious duty to do so.

Very different are the conditions under which the Finance Bill of 1909 will be presented to the House of Lords. In the first place, whatever may be the defects of the measure, whatever may be its ultimate tendencies, especially those of the land taxation clauses, it would be an exaggeration to call it a revolutionary measure in the sense in which the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893, were revolutionary; still less does it entail such a revolution as would result from the overthrow of the Upper House or from a serious diminution of its powers. The new land taxes, the heightened income tax and death duties, the enhanced charges on the liquor trade, and other items, are (as we have shown elsewhere) open to the gravest objections, and indicate a class hostility which is much to be deprecated. But, after all, with the possible exception of the taxes on land, they only carry further, if to a dangerous extent, principles applied in previous Budgets. The policy of substituting direct for indirect taxation is no new thing. The selection of particular articles or particular kinds of property for special taxation is a practice which has appeared in many successive Finance Bills; and these special taxes

have frequently been increased. The machinery which places the assessment of the land taxes in the hands of commissioners acting without appeal, and the abolition of those independent General Commissioners who have hitherto formed a court of appeal for aggrieved payers of income tax, are innovations which may possibly be dropped in committee. If not, the Lords would have a good case in demanding the revocation of changes in the law which savor strongly of "tackling," and can fairly be separated from the imposition of taxes, properly so called. At any rate, the Bill which imposes them is an annual Bill; and another year, under another Government, most, if not all, of the objectionable charges may be reduced, the old methods of assessment revived, and the bases of taxation broadened so as to modify, or even remove, the unfairness of their incidence. There seems indeed to be a possibility, if not a probability, that the clauses relating to land may be considerably modified, or even dropped, before the Bill leaves the Lower House. In any case, the mischief done, even if great, will not be wholly irremediable.

In the second place, the Finance Bill of this year resembles the Reform Bill of 1832, and differs from the Home Rule Bill of 1893, in having the support of a large majority of the House of Commons. It is not indeed a freshly-elected House, or a House elected *ad hoc*, as in 1832; there are signs of a "cave"; and the majorities are not what they were two or three years ago. Recent by-elections and other symptoms may give good ground for the belief that the country no longer supports the Government as it did in 1906, still less as it supported Lord Grey in 1832; but the fact remains, that a very large majority of the popular chamber is in favor of the Bill as a whole.

Thirdly, the Bill in question is a Finance Bill, that is, it concerns a matter which is recognized to be the special province of the Lower House, and in regard to which the practice of centuries has given that House, if not an entirely unrestricted, yet certainly an enormously preponderant influence. The field, therefore, on which the conflict—if conflict there is to be—will be fought out, is one extremely unfavorable to the House of Lords. In the other cases to which we have referred, whatever might be the dictates of expediency, there could be no doubt that, according to the theory and practice of the constitution, the Lords were strictly within their rights in opposing the will of the Commons. In the present case, the constitutional rights of the Upper House are, to say the least, obscure and doubtful.

We have dealt with this question in another article, and need say little more about it here. According to the letter of the law—if the word "law" may be used where there is no statute, and not much applicable precedent—the House of Lords may reject a Finance Bill, as it may reject any other Bill. The consent of both Houses, and of the Crown, is required for any act of legislation. But, as regards financial legislation, the veto of the House of Lords has lapsed for almost, if not quite, as long a time as the veto of the Crown with regard to legislation in general. The precedent of 1860—the rejection of the Bill to repeal the Paper Duty—only served to show the way to a practical extinction of the right by the method adopted in 1861, and employed ever since. It was a simple application of the fable of the bundle of sticks. The Lords could break the sticks singly; they could not break the whole faggot. The method itself was an innovation; but it was an innovation which it cannot be denied that the House of Commons had



the power to introduce; and it has been practically successful. To reject the financial proposals of a whole year is a very different thing from rejecting a Bill which imposes, or repeals, a single tax.

Nor did the consequences of this momentous change stop here. It affected the right of amendment as well as that of rejection. So long as Tax Bills came up singly or in small batches from the Lower House, they could be, and were occasionally, rejected. This amounted to a power of amending, not indeed a single Bill, but the finance of the year. When all the financial proposals were grouped in a single Bill, the rejection of an item became a "privilege amendment" to that Bill, and was accordingly refused. Thus the policy of 1861 practically took away, not indeed the right, but the power of exercising the right, of amendment which the Lords had hitherto possessed, however sparingly it might be used. We may, and do, regret this; but we can hardly evade the fact.

It might have seemed that the right of rejection implied that of amendment, as the greater contains the less. But in politics we are nothing if not illogical. The constitutional right of rejection is, at least in theory, acknowledged; that of amendment, at all events of substantial amendment, is denied. It is obvious indeed that, while one party can reject, it takes two to pass an amendment. Either House has the power of rejection; an amendment requires the consent of both. Thus the Lower House, while it cannot prevent the Lords from rejecting a Bill, can, by refusing their amendments, prevent them from amending it; and it does. An insistence on amendment on the part of the Upper House is therefore practically equivalent to rejection. It is obvious that nothing short of substan-

tial amendments are worth considering in the present case; and these it is certain the Government will not allow. Even if it were willing to accept a compromise in some particulars, it could not accept one from the Lords; precedent and the necessity of maintaining the Commons' privileges stand in the way. Nor can it, returning to an old practice, drop the Bill and bring in another which should include the acceptable amendments; if there were no other objection to this course, there is no time.

The question then resolves itself into a simple choice between acceptance and rejection. Is rejection likely to be for the good of the State? So far as we can judge at this stage, it is not. Granted—which is by no means certain—that the Bill cannot be appreciably improved in committee, granted, for the sake of argument, that it is a revolutionary measure, the consequence of its rejection may be—we do not say it will be—a revolution of far greater moment than is contained or implied in the Bill. The inevitable consequence of rejection must be an appeal to the country; and the Lords would be staking their own existence, and with it the welfare of the country, on the result of that appeal. It would be a dangerous experiment. Are we to hazard the chief safeguard of all that is stable, and much that is admirable, in our political system on a single throw?

In the first place, there is an enormous majority to be wiped out. By-elections point, no doubt, to a change of feeling in the electorate; but by-elections are apt to be deceptive. The change is not all in favor of Conservatism. In a good many cases Unionist principles have won, or the prospects of Tariff Reform; in others, the results point to an increase of strength or to better organization in the Labor

party, even to a growth of socialism. Hostility to a Liberal Government by no means necessarily implies adhesion to its chief opponents. The Irish party may be relied on, in a question of this kind, to take sides against the House which is the firmest bulwark against Home Rule. Further, we have only too often had occasion to note the electioneering value of a good cry; and what better cry could the Radical party desire than the cry that the Lords are claiming to control taxation, that they are leading a reactionary attack upon the constitution, that they are shielding the rich at the expense of the poor? We can easily guess the variety of mendacious shapes which such a cry would assume, the variety of interests to which it might be made to appeal. It would be shouted from a thousand platforms, and echoed by millions of throats. In such circumstances, all that has hitherto been gained might be lost; and the Radicals might sweep the country a second time.

It is, of course, not impossible that the result of a general election might be to reverse the verdict of the last, or at least to reduce the Liberal majority to a point at which a serious campaign against the House of Lords would be out of the question. But, supposing a dissolution to take place on the Budget, is such a result probable? It is, at best, but a chance—we cannot but think, a remote chance. If things fell out the other way—and he would be a rash prophet who would assert that they will not—what would be the consequence? It is a comparatively small matter that a Budget far more revolutionary than the present would be forced down our throats; and that a Home Rule Bill would follow—for such a Bill would be the prearranged price of Irish support. There would be worse to fear. A determined attempt, with all the prestige

of recent victory, and victory gained on this very issue, would be made to abolish the veto of the House of Lords. The pledge given in 1907 would be redeemed. It must be remembered that the resolution then passed was a resolution in favor, not of the reform of the House of Lords, but of the abolition of the veto, which in grave cases enables it to appeal to the country against a casual majority in the House of Commons. Its passing into action would reduce the Upper House to impotence, and would give us practically a one-chamber constitution. That it was only a resolution is true. But *litera scripta manet*; it is on record that a huge majority of the House of Commons signed the pledge. This in itself was a great step, a revolutionary step, which a House elected under conditions such as we have sketched would be bound to follow up. No doubt action upon that resolution would require another appeal to the nation, perhaps more than one appeal; but think of the turmoil that would ensue! And in what conditions of external danger might not that disturbance find the country? The question of so great a constitutional change would take precedence of all other questions, even of that of the national defences; and these would suffer at a time when the national existence might depend upon their full and immediate consideration.

It may be urged that this is the occasion to make a stand; that, unless this Bill is resisted, the Radical party, carrying further and further the use of finance as a lever of political change, will introduce all sorts of revolutionary measures under cover of the Budget. But there is surely a limit to so violent a perversion of a constitutional understanding; the sound sense of the nation would rebel against such crooked and illegitimate methods; it would become as impossible to main-

tain such an abuse of legislative forms as it was to maintain the trick of "tacking." All financial legislation has, and always has had, indirect political effects of one kind or another. We see no reason to suppose that these will be greater in the future than they have been in the past.

Nor, again, can it be said that, in a case like this, we are urging the Lords "*propter vitam vital perdere causas*." They are asked to abandon none of the principles that make life worth living. The abandonment, in the seventeenth century, of control over taxation diminished the power of the House of Lords; it did not destroy its reputation or its utility. Political morality is not in question. There are no pledges to be redeemed, no interests to be protected so sacred as the welfare of the State. It is a question of expediency, the higher expediency. Is it good for the country at large that, in existing circumstances, such a conflict should ensue? Granted that the mischief of the Budget cannot be wholly undone, granted that capital, the life-blood of industry and commerce, will be straitened, granted that certain classes will permanently suffer, these evils are less than those which a defeat at the polls next winter would entail. An injustice to a class, a gross injustice it may be, is preferable to a fatal blow dealt at the foundations of the State. Nor is it an argument to say that, if the Upper House were swept away, a Second Chamber would still be recognized as indispensable; and we might get a better Second Chamber than we have. Who knows? What we do know is that what the Radicals desire is not a better Second Chamber, but the present House reduced to impotence; which would be worse than none at all.

Suppose, on the other hand, that resistance is not pressed to rejection,

what then? How much harm is done? The damage may be serious; most part, at least, is not irretrievable. Suppose the Bill passed; it will be some time before its full effects are felt. We assert that the industrial and commercial interests of the country at large, not those of a particular class, will suffer by the legislation proposed; and we make this assertion in good faith. But it is an assertion the truth of which cannot be brought home to the masses save by experience; and experience, if sure, is slow. The time is not yet ripe; let us have faith in our own predictions. A year hence, or it may be two years, the new taxes will have had time to work, and their general effects may be perceptible. Then we may go to the country with the tangible proof that all classes are suffering; now we can only assert that they will suffer, and assert it on grounds which we can hardly expect the masses to understand. We are doubtless at a certain disadvantage in attempting to judge the question at this moment. During the next two months many things may happen. On the one hand, the complexion of the Bill may undergo a considerable change. On the other hand, events may indicate so great a massing of opinion hostile to the Bill as to make resistance not only feasible but even obligatory. But, with nothing but present facts before us, we are driven to the conclusion that, for the sake of the Conservative and Unionist party, as well as for the good of the State, a Fabian policy is the wisest policy.

The choice, as we began by saying, is a hard one; a harder was never laid on the leaders of the Conservative party. That great pressure will be applied to force them into an attitude of stubborn resistance we cannot doubt. To renounce that attitude will give rise to great dissatisfaction in cer-

tain sections; it will require courage to decline battle. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are at once courageous and cautious men; and we have the fullest trust in their judgment. We would not appear to advance a confident opinion; nevertheless, with such lights as we have, we cannot

*The Quarterly Review.*

avoid expressing the hope that, unless circumstances are very different two months hence from what they are now, they will prefer discretion to defiance, and a continuance of useful and vigorous life to the risk of irretrievable disaster.

## A PICKWICK PAPER.

It has been said that folk-lore and fairy tales are the only stories which are eternally true. This in itself might be sufficient to ensure immortality to Mr. Pickwick, though he figures as the hero of a comedy of manners, for obviously in the "Pickwick Papers" there is much which is in the nature of fairy tale. By way of witness we need seek no further than that assuredly immortal cricket match between the rather ill-matched élèves of All Muggleton and Dingley Dell.

Dickens's knowledge of the noble game was evidently derived from some midsummer's night's dream. In no waking hours did any man ever see such a match. Dickens has suffered the reproach that he is a caricaturist, rather than character-drawer, but it is hardly to be claimed for this cricket reporting that it is caricature, because caricature preserves the beginnings of a likeness; and there is no likeness at all here. However, it makes good reading, which is all that the author cared about. Of rook shooting he knew more, if not much more, and appears to have all his vivid powers of conception awake to realize the sensations of those gentlemen who had the happiness to be the companions of Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman in a shooting party.

But though Dickens would unscrupulously draw fancy pictures of that which he did not know, and caricatures

of that which he did, it was inevitable that all the while that he was sketching his incomparable and on the whole strictly veracious comedy of manners, he should be unconsciously giving side-lights on the setting in which he saw it all cast. It would be the depth of folly as well as of ingratitude to criticise the value of that treasure of humor which Dickens of his own wit and forethought has set out to give us in these "Pickwick Papers," but even so it may fairly be doubted whether this value is higher than that of the picture unwittingly, and necessarily, revealed of the manners of a certain class of people in Dickens's own time.

This class is the middle class; we might label it the upper middle class. Mr. Pickwick is indicated as a retired merchant; Mr. Winkle is the son of a person in a similar way of life, though the father appears only in a late chapter of the story, if it be a story (of this, however, we may discourse further, shortly). We have the professional element in Mr. Perker, Mr. Bob Sawyer and so on. At its supreme social heights the tale touches the gallant profession of arms, as incarnated in those fire-eating and distinctly fairy-like gentlemen we meet at Rochester. At the other end of the scale we become acquainted with the Wellers, father and son, Job Trotter, the pretty housemaid, the fat boy, and the rest of the company below stairs, but these

introduce themselves merely as dependents and incidentals in the life of the principal personages to whom we have assigned their place in the great middle class. Mr. Wardle, probably, as the country squire, must rank a peg higher. His hospitable board might be common meeting-ground for Pickwickians and aristocracy in a day when the divisions of class were drawn rather sharply. It is of some little importance to establish the social position of the travelling members of this immortal club, because the point which is of interest in connection with persons in one sphere would be mere commonplace if they were in another. Thus we may note that through the whole length of this veracious record, dealing with the minute and intricate particulars of human life, we nowhere find mention of such a circumstance as either the illustrious leader himself or any humble member of his following indulging in the luxury, which we in a later day are almost disposed to look upon as the occasional necessity, of a bath. In the sphere of relative altitude in which the Pickwickians moved this is a noticeable fact, for it is opposed to the present habit of the same class. But had it occurred in another phase of society it would have no interest whatever. We might view a similar omission of an observance common in the middle classes with no surprise at all if it occurred in the life history of the gipsy, the tramp, or the agricultural laborer. "Circumstances alter cases."

About the fact—of the bathlessness of the Pickwickians—we may infer that there is no doubt whatever. We have many pleasant notices of Mr. Pickwick's simple toilet, so nicely in accord with his open and ingenuous character, both at uprising and at going to bed. It is nowhere, as it appears, indicated that he wore a nightgown or any other form of nightdress,

but it is distinctly stated more than once that he was in the habit of giving to his benevolent features the amiable crown and setting of a nightcap. In Chapter XXX., wherein is set out, amongst other matters of interest, "How the Pickwickians made and cultivated the acquaintance of a couple of nice young men belonging to one of the liberal professions," it is narrated that Mr. Pickwick inquired, "Well, Sam," as that favored servitor entered his bedchamber with his warm water on the morning of Christmas Day, "still frosty?"

"Water in the washhand basin's a mask o' ice, sir," responded Sam.

"Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine for them as is well wropped up, as the Polar Bear said to himself ven he was practising his skating," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shall be down in a quarter of an hour, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, untying his nightcap.

Now here we have at once positive evidence to the existence of the nightcap and negative (which is all that in the nature of the case we could expect) to the non-existence of the bath. We have even an indication of the style of nightcap of the Pickwickian period; it needed untying in the morning, *ergo* it had strings, *ergo*, it was of the species which ties under the chin, like a lady's bonnet. We have further information on this important detail in the narration of that very painful incident of Mr. Pickwick's finding himself in the bedroom of the maiden lady in the "Great White Horse" at Ipswich. The deliberate methods of the great man are thus recorded: "He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth, and, slowly drawing on his tasselled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head by tying beneath his chin the strings which he always had attached to that article of dress."



Previously he had leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters, and there is some reason to suppose that when these simple arrangements had been completed he was perfectly ready to go to bed. It appears that he had no nightdress specially so designed and designated.

Several quotations and references might be given to show that no travelling Pickwickian deemed his wardrobe complete without the article of attire which is named a dressing-gown and is pictured for us in several illustrations; but that is quite another garment.

Respecting the non-existence of the bath, of which we have negative proof alone, it is proof which is substantially strengthened by the pace of Mr. Pickwick's toilet, both on this and on other occasions. In this instance, we have seen that he said he should be down in a quarter of an hour, and, as usual, he was as good as his word. On another occasion when he may have made a little better speed than usual, in consequence of Mr. Wardle's hailing him from the garden, he was dressed and down in ten minutes. It would seem that, though he is ever represented to us as what the French call exceedingly "*bien soigné*," well groomed, there was little space of time, in his usual matutinal toilet, for either bath or shaving.

In a very early page of this immortal story, that, namely, which records the minutes of the Club's meeting on May 12, 1827, instituting that corresponding branch of the Club which was composed of the four whose fortunes the subsequent pages follow, the respective costumes are incidentally described, and show a variety of individual choice which our day, near a century later, does not permit:

What a study for an artist (writes the author enthusiastically) did that exciting scene (Mr. Pickwick addressing

the Club from the elevation of the Windsor chair) present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other waving in air, to assist his glowing declamations: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries. On his right hand sat Mr. Tracy Tupman—the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeling had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch-chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat; but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion. On the left of his great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle—the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue coat with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs.

Those were costumes of a picturesqueness of effect with which we cannot vie to-day, and there seems no need to wonder that, thus gloriously appalled, the idea of any further or varied "dressing" for dinner never seems to have entered into the receptive Pickwickian head. It is perfectly true that we have much reference to a certain dress suit, the property of Mr. Winkle and loaned, entirely without leave, by Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Jingle—a loan, and a dress suit of very fateful import



—but this yet more striking costume was donned after dinner, long after, for the glorious purposes of the Rochester subscription ball. It was no mere dinner dress. Again, it may be remembered that

if anything could have added to the interest of the agreeable scene (presented by the preparations for the dancing at Manor Farm) it would have been the remarkable fact of Mr. Pickwick's appearing without his gaiters, for the first time within the memory of his oldest friends.

"You mean to dance?" said Wardle. "Of course I do," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Don't you see I am dressed for the purpose?" Mr. Pickwick called attention to the speckled silk stockings and smartly tied pumps.

And then, of course, followed Mr. Tupman's sad failure in tact, and the momentarily strained relations to which it led. The point is that by the simple process of doffing his gaiters and shoes and donning his silk stockings and pumps Mr. Pickwick was able to feel himself so equipped at all points for the dance that he could ask in surprise, "Don't you see I am dressed for the purpose?" but it is evident that this effective if simple change of attire was executed by Mr. Pickwick after, and not before, dinner, or it could not possibly have escaped public notice as long as it did. It is abundantly evident that the very notion of "dressing for dinner" in our modern sense, had no place with the Pickwickians at all.

No doubt we have to bear in mind that the period was one in which dinner, at one time the midday meal, was gradually being later deferred. At Rochester that famous dinner to which reference has been made already, about which the invited (almost self-invited) guest had stated "not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing"—as indeed it is—

the hour set for this dinner was five. The dinner hour in general seems to have been rather a movable one. On the unfortunate day when Mr. Winkle's horse at first went sideways, and finally, having disposed of its rider went back again to Rochester, and the horse which Mr. Pickwick had been driving had reduced the chaise to ruins, so that the whole party had to make most of the journey to Dingley Dell on foot, it does not appear that the unhappy travellers dined at all. We are gratified to be able to think that they enjoyed a substantial breakfast—"broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee and sundries began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers," but, starting at eleven in the morning, it was not till "late in the afternoon" that they turned into the lane leading into Manor Farm. Arrived there, they were received with a hearty welcome, a good grooming of their clothes and persons, but nothing more solidly comforting than cherry brandy. They were then set down to a rubber and other social entertainments in the parlor till "the evening gilded swiftly" (we may take liberty to doubt that word) "away in these cheerful" (but not sustaining) "recreations; and when the substantial though homely supper had been despatched, and the little party formed a social circle round the fire, Mr. Pickwick thought he had never been so happy in his life." Possibly he had begun to doubt whether he should ever taste food again, and his supreme delight was in the reaction from this fear.

Again, only on the following day, the terrific emotions undergone by the Pickwickians in the interval between breakfast and dinner were surely more than any men of the ordinary mould could possibly have endured, for by way of a first act in the drama there

was the rook-shooting with that moving incident of Mr. Tupman saving "the lives of innumerable unoffending birds by receiving a portion of the charge in his left arm," and for a second act such a very remarkable cricket match that it evidently quite surpassed the wit of man to describe it. As for the third and final act of the day, on the belated return to Manor Farm, we must speak of that again a little later. For the moment, it may suffice to note that the dinner, so admirable when they began to do justice to it, was not commenced till all the cricket was over. In the golden and strenuous days of the test match between Dingley Dell and All Muggleton there was no interval even for luncheon, much less for tea.

Dinner, therefore, being, as it would seem, less of a solemn feast, probably because it was known that a big supper was to follow it, than it is with us, it is perhaps the more easily understood why the good Pickwickian did not feel called on to assume a special garb in which to do it honor. He dined in his sufficiently magnificent morning garments, but if he went to a dance thereafter he arrayed himself if possible more gloriously still. Being on the subject of dress, a glance may be thrown on the style of Mr. Samuel Weller's livery thrown in with his wage of £12 a year, namely, "a gray coat, with the P.C. button, a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, tight breeches and gaiters"—a neat *ensemble*, as his comments on his own appearance prove that he appreciated fully.

And now, to touch on a subject which is so very painful that it is as well to get it quickly over and feel that it is behind us, we have to observe that the manners of the Pickwickians and their friends were decidedly a little more convivial than we could possibly approve in persons in the same, or, in-

deed, in any class of society to-day. "It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass in a broken voice, when Miss Emily Wardle asked with great anxiety whether he was ill, on the return from the cricket match and the dinner. "It was the salmon."

"Hadn't they better go to bed, ma'am?" inquired Emma. "Two of the boys will carry the gentlemen upstairs."

"I won't go to bed," said Mr. Winkle firmly.

"No living being shall carry me," said Mr. Pickwick stoutly; and he went on smiling as before.

"Hurrah!" gasped Mr. Winkle, faintly.

"Hurrah!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat and dashing it on the floor, and insanely casting his spectacles into the middle of the kitchen. At this humorous feat he laughed outright.

"Let's—have—'nother bottle," cried Mr. Winkle, commencing in a very loud key and ending in a very faint one.

After a while, however, they all were persuaded to retire, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle carried by two young giants, and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle on the arms of Mr. Tupman and Mr. Trundle respectively.

The spinster aunt ejaculated "What a shocking scene!" both the young ladies observed "Dis-gusting!" and Jingle, who was "a bottle and a-half ahead of any of his companions," said gravely "Dreadful! Dreadful! Horrid spectacle—very!"

Of course, these were the right and proper sentiments for the ladies on the occasion, but it is evident that the "shock" and the "disgust" did not go very deep really. There is no hint that there were any strained relations between ladies and gentlemen on that dreadful morrow in which the maiden aunt fled under the protection of the faithless Jingle. The truth unquestion-

ably is that the shocking and disgusting scene was too common in the manners of the day to leave any enduring feeling. The total amount of liquor, especially of punch, both hot and cold, which was consumed in the course of this voracious history is entirely beyond present computation. It was cold punch which was the cause of Mr. Pickwick's being taken in the wheelbarrow to the pound by orders of the ferocious Captain Boldwig, and when rescued from that ignoble predicament by the fortunate and fortuitous arrival of Mr. Wardle with Sam Weller in the carriage they stopped at the first roadside tavern they came to and ordered a glass of brandy and water all round, with a magnum of extra strength for Mr. Samuel Weller. It was not by any means an age in which it was thought a sinful thing to "place temptation in a servant's way." It appears, however, that Mr. Weller had inherited, probably in the paternal line, a brain of such remarkable power as to be practically impervious to the influence of alcohol, for though we find him on every possible occasion that offers applying himself ungrudgingly to the bowl that cheers, in no single instance does the indulgence becloud his extremely lucid faculties. Not only is Mr. Weller great in this respect himself, but he is also capable of generous appreciation of similar fine qualities in others, for we are told that when the fat boy swallowed off a glass of something extremely strong "without winking" the performance appeared to raise him considerably in Mr. Weller's estimation. The whole tendency of the time, in fact, was towards faith in that prescription ordered by Mr. Bob Sawyer for Mr. Pickwick after his unfortunate immersion through the breaking ice. It may be remembered that on that occasion a bowl of punch was carried up to the great man's bedroom and

a grand carouse held in honor of his safety. A second and a third bowl were ordered in. And when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him; which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases, and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preservative, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

It is to be feared that our present manners must be regarded by Mr. Sawyer, if he still lives, as lamentably vulgar.

After these comments which must have something of a censorious flavor, however we may try to disguise it, on the habits of our forefathers, it seems only right to draw attention to other points of behavior in which they were considerably more nice than we are to-day. The habit of smoking was regarded with a general reprobation as a dirty one. We may observe that fact recorded or implied in many pages of the immortal story. When the gentleman who sat opposite the man with the mosaic studs remarked that tobacco was board and lodging to him, Mr. Pickwick, looking at him, could not help thinking that it was a pity it was not washing also. The connection is always maintained—between dirt and tobacco. Perhaps this is a subject which may very well be studied in conjunction with the manners and customs of the medical students of the day. Sam Weller, mentioning to Mr. Pickwick the arrival at Manor Farm of two specimens of the species, informs him, among other interesting particulars, that "They're a-smokin' cigars by the kitchen fire." It may be noted as a sign of the times that the smoker should be thus banished to the cook's kingdom. The day was still to come when every house should have its smoking-room, or al-

ternatively, that there should be smoking in every room in the house.

In reply to this observation on the part of Sam, Mr. Pickwick with his beaming kindliness says, not perhaps greatly to the point, "Ah!—overflowing with kindly feelings and animal spirits. Just what I like to see." It is a little hard for common men to follow the workings of the great Pickwickian brain which could see indications of these qualities in smoking cigars in a kitchen, but the observation is almost supernaturally justified by Sam's further description:

One of 'em's got his legs on the table, and is a-drinkin' brandy neat, vile the tother one—him in the barnacles—has got a barrel o' oysters atween his knees, wich he's a-openin' like steam, and as fast as he eats 'em he takes a aim vith the shells at young dropsy, who's a-sittin' down, fast asleep, in his chimbley corner.

If all this does not show an overflow of kindly feelings and animal spirits we may well ask what could? As Mr. Pickwick truly says, these are to be regarded as the eccentricities of genius.

It may be worth while, at this point, to give the impressions of the two rising medical men, when at length seen by Mr. Pickwick, in the author's own words, for they incidentally touch the great tobacco question which we are considering at the same time as they are more immediately concerned with a faithful picture of the appearance of the young gentlemen of the medical profession:

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black overcoat, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper and salt colored legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished

boots. Although his coat was short in the sleeve, it disclosed no vestige of a linen wristband; and although there was quite enough of his face to permit the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the slightest approach to that appendage. He presented, altogether, rather a mildewy appearance, and emitted a fragrant odor of full-flavored Cubas.

Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was habited in a coarse blue coat which, without being either a greatcoat or a surtout, partook of the nature and qualities of both, had about him that sort of slovenly smartness and swaggering gait which is peculiar to young men who smoke in the street by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call waiters by their Christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. He wore a pair of plaid trousers, and a large double-breasted waistcoat, and out of doors carried a thick stick with a big top. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.

This is a description which is very rich and full with the marrow of information. We have to distinguish between the picture which the author sets himself to draw (no doubt consciously caricatured) on the one side, and the pictures which scintillate forth, unintentionally, and therefore strictly veraciously, on the other. When he penned this comment about "gentlemen who smoke in the street by day," he had no suspicion that it would be an illumination for posterity on the manners of the time he was discussing. Obviously this was a dreadful solecism—for a young gentleman to smoke in the streets by day. For a middle-aged gentleman to be dead drunk at every hour of the twenty-four was as nothing, comparatively. To-day a gentleman, even of the rank of the medical student, might possibly go so far as to "eschew gloves" without exciting the idea of "a dissipated Robinson Crusoe." As for the "fragrant odor

of full-flavored Cubas" attending Mr. Allen, we must, of course, put that down to Dickens's ignorance of "the noxious weed." We may be quite sure that the tobacco which gentlemen in their position would have smoked would never have sprung from the favored soil of that tropical island. It is rather by the irony of fate that the name of a man who evidently had such a horror of the weed should have been associated a few years later with a brand of cigars of a quality other than that of those which come from Havana, under the name, used with a familiarity which is scarcely less than blasphemous, of "Pickwicks."

We have further indications, besides this just referred to, that demeanor in the public streets was studied with much attention. If we move into another class of society, and consider for a moment the incidents revolving round the "swarree" at Bath as their focus and centre, we find that even in that provincial town (though no doubt it was the resort of all the fashion of the day) it was "to the great horror of Mr. John Smauker when Sam Weller began to whistle" as they went along the street. We have, of course, to be careful how we criticise in company that is too high for us, and, again, to guard ourselves from misconception with some suspicion that perhaps our author's account of this society which he depicts so much to our edification may be due to the splendid fertility of his imagination, like his report of the Dingley Dell cricket match. We had perhaps do better to move to more assured ground. This we probably reach when we come to the description of the assembly in the same town. This is surely a rich mine. For one incidental point, the time of assemblage is notable—"precisely twenty minutes before eight o'clock that night, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., the Master of the Ceremonies,

emerged from his chariot at the door of the Assembly Rooms." And so on. That marks the hour. There was dancing, there were cards, and there was tea, at 6d. a cup, but it does not appear that there was anything of a stronger nature, either in the way of solids or fluids. It was not until after his return to the "White Hart" that Mr. Pickwick "soothed his feelings with something hot." They had sat at the card table till ten minutes past eleven, and perhaps it was partly this prolonged and unaccustomed abstinence from anything stronger than tea that led Mr. Pickwick to play, in a manner scarcely worthy of his great intellectual powers, with the painful result that "Miss Bolo rose from the table considerably agitated, and went straight home, in a flood of tears and a sedan chair."

It was an age, it may be observed, in which ladies burst into tears, or fell into faints, on every conceivable occasion and on very slight excuse. The widow Bardell in the embarrassed embraces of Mr. Pickwick, the unconsciousness and ingenuous self-betrayal of the maiden aunt when Mr. Tracy Tupman met with his unhappy accident at the hands of Mr. Winkle and many more cases might be cited from the pages of this story, but it is not a point on which it is worth while dwelling because it is illustrated in so many other contemporary stories of comparatively little note. Miss Bolo's going off in the sedan chair really suggests a more interesting line of criticism than her flood of tears. In Bath, it appears, they were the mode, and the fact reappears with all the agitating circumstances which culminated with Mr. Winkle, in light attire, bouncing first into, and shortly after out of, the sedan chair already occupied by Mrs. Dowler. It would seem, however, as if these "sedantary" means of conveyance, as some shameless punster has



dared to name them, were certainly not the ordinary vehicles for gentlemen to use in London, whatever they may have been for the ladies in Bath. We may distinguish several kinds of equipage. There is the chariot in various designs, amongst which the mail cart of Lord Muntahed has perhaps first claims on our admiration, and other different kinds of private carriage, such as the open barouche in which Mr. Wardle and family first make their benevolent appearance. There are the regular coaches, with Mr. Weller, Senior, and other gentlemen of the boiled-beef complexion on the driver's seat, posting along the roads, and there are post-chaises, which can be hired privately on great occasions, such as that triumphal progress in which Mr. Bob Sawyer figured on the roof of the conveyance, brandishing a flag in one hand and a bottle of punch in the other. It is, however, obviously useless to attempt to go through the whole list of carriages of the day, when the great master himself could arrive no closer to the description of one of them than by the strictly negative process of remarking that "the vehicle was not exactly a gig, neither was it a stanhope. It was not what is commonly denominated a dog-cart, neither was it a taxed cart, nor a chaise cart, nor a guillotined cabriolet."

Now one of the questions in the famous Pickwick examination paper set by Mr. Calverley (C.S.C.) might well have been a definition of a "guillotined cabriolet." Did Dickens by this phrase suggest the guillotining off of the head of the word, "cab," leaving "riolet" for any etymological scavenger to carry away? I do not know. This I know, that they had cabs in London of the Pickwickian day, that they also had the hackney coach, and that the latter was of the greater glory; but their exact relations still seem a little obscure.

Mr. Samuel Weller, in conversation

with his father, and perhaps paying him, by subtle inference, a delicate compliment on the superiority of the mail coach to other vehicles, replies to his father's question as to whether Mr. Pickwick was arriving by cab with "Yes, he's a-havin' two mile o' danger at eightpence," thus indirectly throwing an illuminating ray on the scale of charges at that period. The relatively greater glory of the hackney coach, as compared with the cab, is sufficiently indicated by the arrangement of a certain very melancholy procession in which "a coach having been procured, the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker esconced themselves therein, and drove to the Guildhall, Sam Weller, Mr. Lowther and the blue bag following in a cab." It is evident, from the company which it accommodated, that the coach must have been of respectable dimensions. It does not seem, however, that the pace of even this more glorious mode of conveyance usually erred on the side of excess, though apparently with two horses attached to it, for on another occasion it is stated that, although "the horses 'went better' when they had anything before them," they accommodated their pace to a cart immediately preceding them all along Fleet Street. But "Time performs wonders. By the powerful old gentleman's aid even a hackney coach gets over half a mile of ground." Though this may be the language of just criticism, it can hardly be said to be the language of eulogy of the pace at which the journey was accomplished. Some further light is thrown on the correct fares on a very early page of the story, by the comment of the driver of the cab which Mr. Pickwick engaged at St. Martin's-le-Grand to take him to the "Golden Cross." "'Only a bob's worth, Tommy,' cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off." Some



doubts on the veracity of the calculator may be suggested by the striking information which he gave Mr. Pickwick as to the age of the horse and the periods for which it was commonly kept out at a time, but it would not seem that this gratuitous statement to the waterman was affected by any motive which could reasonably tempt him to untruthfulness. It is to be admitted that the cab-driver proved himself truly akin with his brethren of the present day by refusing his proper fare with contumely, and even with pugnacity, when it was proffered, and though he was eventually induced to accept it, this drive was probably the most costly which Mr. Pickwick ever undertook, even in the course of his exceptionally eventful life, since it gained him the expensive privilege of the acquaintance of Mr. Jingle.

The illustrations of Seymour and "Phiz" may be accepted, with a certain discount allowed for their quite conscious and intentional tendency to caricature, as giving us accurate pictures of the scenes in which the great drama is played. They give us a cab, and many other styles of vehicle, but we have to look elsewhere for a hackney coach.

It has been very often remarked that Dickens's conception of his central character altered, much for the better and nobler, as the story went forward. His first idea, undoubtedly, was to make him a ridiculous old gentleman, the butt of all the world. As the tale proceeds the author grows enamored with his great creation, that central figure develops a benevolence, even a wisdom, though tempered by an ineradicable simplicity which led such a sagacious judge of men as Sam Weller to speak of him as an angel in tight.

It has been noted less often that during the course of the tale Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass become progres-

sively more juvenile. At first no hint is given of any great difference in the ages of the four members of the Pickwick Club, nor do the early illustrations convey the difference to us with any distinctness. It seems to have been only when he had brought them into the delightful circle of Mr. Wardle's family party that the author entertained the idea of making Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass suitable in point of age to be claimants for the hands of Miss Emily Wardle and Miss Arabella Allen. From that point the relation of Mr. Pickwick towards them becomes ever more and more paternal. It is not until Mr. Winkle had collided violently with Mr. Sawyer on the ice and Mr. Pickwick issues the peremptory order "Take of his skates" that we hear the first sound of the paternal note. In course of that flagitious trial in which so much aspersion is thrown on the character of the best of men, we find Mr. Winkle informing Mr. Phunky that Mr. Pickwick is "old enough to be his father," and finally, in his match-making interview with Mr. Winkle, Senior, Mr. Pickwick appears avowedly in the light of a second parent to this rejuvenated *protégé*.

These are but incidental developments in the course of the best of all good histories. It is the incidental lights that it has been the aim of this paper to bring into relief. Such stern and conscientious portrait painting as that of the Fleet Prison and the Eatanswill election is "another story," and told for us in such a way as to need no commentator. It is the sidelights which are apt to escape him who reads as he runs. Mr. Pickwick kissing all the ladies as he says good-bye at Manor Farm and tapping the rosy cheeks of all the female servants as he presses what we may be very sure was an extremely liberal tip into the hand of each—these and the like—are the points which are apt to escape no-

tice. Yet they are as important in the compilation of a true picture of the times as those which the genius

The Cornhill Magazine.

of the writer has consciously and triumphantly labored to make vivid.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

## SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

### XXV.

Norris did not allow any grass to grow under his feet. He knew with what rapidity the flame of insurrection can spread at times in Oriental lands; he remembered the reputation for pugnacity and lawlessness which the people of Pelesu had borne twenty years earlier, when he had filled the post of Political Agent at the King's court; he was watching the growth of the As-Senusi Brotherhood throughout Malaya with keen anxiety, recognizing in it a new force the effect of whose operation remained yet to be determined. All things combined to make delay fatal. From the first, too, he had excellent information. Of old he had known, or had been known by, every man, woman and child in the State, and had won for himself a name among the natives as a good man to deal with and a bad man to cross. Now old acquaintances seemed to spring out of the ground on every side, ready to aid him with news, with transport, with men. Wilson could not understand the sudden transformation wrought in his people, who, a few days earlier, had been such slugs in the white man's cause, but in truth the reasons were simple enough. The abortive attack on Kuāla Pūlas had dealt a severe blow to the prestige of Rāja Pahlāwan Indut, and had shown the natives that Saleh's was, from the outset, a lost cause. Now the rall-sitters were scrambling down hastily upon the Government side of the fence, and were eager to obliterate the memory of past lukewarmness by present zeal. Also the coming of

Jack Norris had impressed the popular mind with the notion that the Government meant business, and that that business would now be done with thoroughness.

Norris's force moved swiftly up the Pūlas valley, partly by river, partly by land, sweeping all before them, meeting with only a fitful and sporadic resistance, losing a considerable number of men in ambushes, but suffering nothing to check the steady advance. The villages were mostly deserted, and showed signs of the evil things which they had suffered during the six weeks that had seen the resurrection of native rule. At every stage of the journey fugitives joined them in shoals, for Saleh's supporters were melting away like snow under a strong sun. It was nearing crop-time and the peasants were anxious to get back to their fields; the month and a half during which they had once more been at the mercy of a Malayan rāja and his followers had caused them to accumulate a number of unenviable experiences; moreover, Saleh's cause was now, in the eyes of the blindest, a forlorn-hope.

Saleh witnessed the defection of his people with a species of cold despair. Their fickleness, their lack of continuity of purpose, their inability to fight an uphill fight sturdily and with constant hearts, the speed with which adversity cooled their fiery enthusiasm, all filled him with disgust. These things seemed to seal the race to which he belonged with the curse of Reuben: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

In Rāja Pahlāwan Indut (Rāja Haji

Abdullah, prudent soul, had decided not to join the force until the turn events were likely to take was more clearly indicated) the wholesale desertion roused fury and rage which seemed to threaten apoplexy. He raved through the camp like one possessed by devils, cursing, exhorting, trying to shame his followers into fidelity, seeking, but in vain, to inspire them with courage and constancy; but all his efforts were fruitless. Every hour saw the number of the insurgents dwindling apace. At last, even he was forced to admit that the game was lost. Norris's force was distant barely half a dozen miles from Saleh's stockade at Ulu Penyûdah; the bulk of several of the parties sent out to lay ambushes and arrest his progress had deserted incontinently to the white men. On the morrow he would be at the doors of the stockade, and only a handful of Saleh's adherents remained to man the defences.

Râja Pahlâwan, glowering and fuming, explained these things to Saleh, and pointed with his chin, Malay fashion, in the direction of the forest, which rose in a vast, sombre wall half a mile across the grazing-grounds.

"When the big house is untenable, the little house avails: when the house-prop snaps, one must be content to substitute a rough-hewn pole," he said, quoting a proverb of his people. "We must get us to the jungle yonder. There alone lieth safety. The white men will follow, but they will never catch us. These rotten-livered folk who will not stand by us, will yet aid us to hide and to escape. In the end, Allah being willing, we shall win free of this land of Pelesu, and in exile find safety."

But Saleh would have nought of such counsel. This futile attempt to raise the green standard of the Prophet, and, rallying the warriors of Pelesu about it, to drive the white folk

from the land, had been yet another, and his greatest, failure: but it should be his last. The crowning ignominy, he felt, would be to seek safety in flight ere he had struck so much as a blow with his own hand in the war which was of his making. Also, he had no further use for life. He had no place either amid the new conditions or the old. It remained only to ring down the curtain.

Finding him fixed in his resolve, Râja Pahlâwan, albeit cursing, not for the first time, the teaching of the devils by which the white men had caused his prince to be possessed, decided on his part to make a virtue of necessity. His code of chivalry forbade the idea of desertion. He would stand by Saleh and perhaps a score of his followers would do the like. Those who desired to depart were set free to follow their inclination; the men who remained swore on the Kurân to abide with Saleh while life still was in him.

Then grimly they set about preparing for the fight which they felt was to be the last that many of them would ever see.

## XXVI.

Ulu Penyûdah is a compact village, situated in the heart of a valley, shaped like a horse-shoe, enclosed by jungle-covered hills. The Penyûdah, a little sparkling stream, barely two feet in depth, tumbles out of the forest, and chatters down the valley, tossing a glistening mane of splashing, broken water. To the right and the left rice-fields and grazing-grounds, dotted sparsely with tiny villages set upon little hills under the shade of coco-nut palms, spread away to the edge of the lowering forest. The place is, as it were, a green oasis of cultivation and clearing in the broad desert of woodland. It was in the village of Ulu Penyûdah, on the right bank of the stream, and surrounded by wide rice-swamps, that Saleh had his stockade.

Much labor had gone to the strengthening of that place. The earthworks were from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, faced and surmounted by a high wooden stockade, cunningly loop-holed. Flanking caponiers abutted at each angle and commanded each wall; two strong fences had been raised without the stockade at distances of fifteen and twenty-five feet respectively, encircling the whole, and the intervening spaces were sown thickly with calthrops, and mined with pitfalls, each harboring a murderously sharpened stake. The deep mud of the rice-swamps formed an outer and final line of defence. It was, Norris saw at a glance, a villainous place to attempt to rush.

He had three six-pounder guns with him, and these he posted on low hills on three sides of the stockade. He also, during the night of his arrival, threw up a dozen small earth-works to protect the piquets, which he placed at the edge of the rice-swamp in such a manner as to cut off all means of retreat for those within the defences. Then, these preparations completed, he wrote to Saleh explaining that the latter was hopelessly surrounded and outnumbered, advising surrender, promising an amnesty, and winding up with a personal appeal in the name of old times in England and the friendship which had subsisted between them. He also begged Saleh, for old sake's sake, to agree to meet him and to talk things over, giving his word of honor that no unfair advantage should be taken of him if he should consent.

Saleh pondered over that note with tears in his eyes. The references to the old life in England and the memories which he and Norris shared in common, touched him nearly, but they awoke in him a passionate self-pity, blended with a deep self-hatred that only served to put the seal upon his resolve. The note which he returned

—surely the queerest document that ever found its way out of an insurgent stockade in Asia—was scrawled with ink made from lamp-black and a pen improvised from a reed. It ran as follows:—

*Dear Mr. Norris,—*Thank you for your kind letter. I am sorry to give so much trouble, but I cannot accept your terms. I often remember the old times you write of, and I think my heart is broken. I will come and see you to-night. Good-bye, and you must say good-bye to everybody for me. It really has not all been my fault, though all this fighting is all my doing and nobody else's. You must tell Mrs. Le Mesurier and the others that I was not all bad, not really. I don't think sending me to England to be educated was a good plan. Good-bye again.—Yours,

*Muhammad Saleh.*

"Poor little beggar," said Norris, as he read these lines, and there was something like a lump in his throat. "More sinned against than sinning, of course, but I wish I knew what he means. He declines to accept my terms, but says he will see me to-night. I wonder when and how he will come."

## XXVII.

And this was the manner of Saleh's coming.

The Malayan night had shut down, and from a velvet heaven the stars blinked sleepily. The forest half a mile distant across the grazing-grounds sent out its dropping chorus of night-song, the hum of insects, the gurgling call of tree-frogs, the occasional strident cry of an argus pheasant, the hoot of an owl, and once in a while the grumpy trumpeting of an elephant or the startled bark of a deer. Coolness had come with the darkness, a coolness that wooed to slumber, and the very earth, rustling ever so faintly under the slow-moving breezes, seemed

to be stretching itself in its sleep. To keep awake amid such universal somnolence was a veritable outrage upon the intentions of nature.

So thought Ram Singh, the Sikh sentry at the entrance to Norris's camp, as half-dozing he leaned upon his rifle and listened to the soft splashing of the frogs in the neighboring swamp. They were very active of a sudden, those frogs, but he was too weary, too drowsy, too inert to take much note of them. Presently he caught himself up into painful wakefulness. His rifle had nearly fallen from his hands, and, as in a vision, he had seemed to see a dim figure draw itself out of the rice-swamp just ahead of him and creep into the bushes on his right. Was it really something, or merely a figment of a dream? Stepping clumsily, after the manner of his kind, he tramped along his beat in the direction of the bushes. Something moved in the scrub, and "Who goes dar?" cried Ram Singh. "Friend!" came the prompt reply in an English voice, and as the sentry, reassured, lowered the muzzle of his rifle, something wet and warm leapt suddenly upon him, and a *kris* was plunged into his heart. Ram Singh fell to the ground in a limp heap, with a thud and a rattle of his accoutrements, and at once the peace of the night was broken by the ear-piercing Malayan yell, "*Amok! Amok! Amok!*"

A lithe yet thickset figure stooped above the fallen Sikh, withdrew the dagger which had done its work, and flitted like a bat into the sleeping camp, and again the stillness was broken rudely by that fierce outcry, "*Amok! Amok! Amok!*"

The camp, rudely awakened, was humming like a disturbed hive of bees. Men reaching hurriedly for their weapons were struggling to their feet and tumbling from under the lean-to sheds beneath which they had

been lying,—bearded Sikhs, brawny Pathans, angry little Malays, and alert white men. That shadow, carrying death in its hand and still pealing its war-cry, flung out of the gloom and precipitated itself upon a knot of Sikhs who, crawling clumsily from below a palm-leaf shelter, were hopelessly entangled with one another. Swiftly the knife rose and fell, doing its work with rending wounds, and its bearer, rushing onward like a mad dog, paused not to examine his handiwork, but plunged headlong deeper and deeper into the camp.

As Norris leapt out of his hut, a pistol in his hand, a star-shell burst overhead, and the earth for a minute was illuminated wonderfully. Jack saw the *amok*-runner, his head thrown back, his face, livid in the bluish glare, strained heavenward, his right arm, blood-stained to the elbow, rising and falling, the whole figure a picture of the delirium of savage wrath, of the intoxication of that excitement to which the Malays, beyond all other people, are subject. A pair of short fighting drawers clothed the lower limbs, a sleeveless linen jacket fitted the bust closely, there was a huddle of *sarong* about the waist, and a head-kerchief was knotted round the head, shaggy black locks escaping from it and streaming behind as the man ran headlong. A little Malay, weaponless and an incarnation of panic, ran from his pursuit, squealing with terror. All this Norris saw in a flash. Then three rifles spoke at once: the *amok*-runner was suddenly arrested in mid-career; shuddered, as a steam-launch shudders through all its length when brought to a standstill by collision with a hidden rock; the *kris* fell from the nerveless hand; and the figure pitched forward on to its right shoulder. As it fell, the star-shell aloft was extinguished.

"Bring a light!" cried Norris, and his

voice was vibrating with emotion. The face of the *amok*-runner had been strange to him, but in his heart there was a haunting fear. Had not Saleh said that he would visit him that night?

A hurricane-lamp was speedily produced, and by its light Jack Norris gazed down upon the still form of the thing which had once been Saleh. Fixed upon the face was the expression which it had worn at the moment of death. The lips were drawn back over the gums, exposing the locked

Blackwood's Magazine.

teeth, the facial muscles were taut and strained, the cheek-bones stood out prominently, but in the glazed eyes there was still a light of fierce joy. The gay garments in which the lad was clothed were drenched with swamp water and stained with the slime through which he had crawled.

"It's Saleh, poor little wretch," cried Jack, and there was a catch in his voice. "May God forgive us for our sorry deeds and for our glorious intentions!"

To which I say, "Amen!"

(THE END)

### SWINBURNE'S LYRICAL POETRY.

The makers of epigrams, of phrases, of pages—of all more or less brief judgments—assuredly waste their time when they sum up any one of all mankind, and how do they squander it when their matter is a poet! They may hardly describe him, nor shall any student's care, or psychologist's formula, or man-of-letters' summary, or wit's sentence define him. Definitions, because they would not be inexact or incomprehensive, sweep too wide, and the poet is not held within them; and out of the describer's range and capture he escapes by as many doors as there are outlets from a forest. But a thousand failures have not yet discouraged the critic and the biographer, who continue to appraise, explain, and expound, little guessing how much ready-made platitude brought about their guesses at a man, or what false and flat thought lies behind their epigrams. It is not long since the general guess work assigned melancholy to a poet lately deceased. Real poets, it was said, are unhappy, and this was one exceptionally real. How unhappy must he, then, certainly, have been! And the

blessed Blake himself was incidentally cited as one of the company of depression and despair! It is, perhaps, a liking for symmetry that prompts these futile syllogisms; perhaps, also, it is the fear of human mystery. The biographer used to see "the finger of God" pat in the history of a man; he insists now that he shall at any rate see the finger of a law, or rather of a rule, a custom, a generality. Law I will not call it; there is no intelligible law that, for example, a true poet should be an unhappy man; but the observer thinks he has noticed a custom or habit to that effect, and Blake, who lived and died in bliss, is named at ignorant random, rather than that an example of the custom should be lost.

But it is not only such a platitude of observation, such a cheap generality, that is silenced in the presence of the poet whose name is at the head of these pages. For if ever Nature showed us a poet in whom our phrases, and the judgments they record, should be denied, defeated, and confused, Swinburne is he. We predicate of a poet a great sincerity, a great imagination, a great passion, a great intel-



lect; these are the master qualities, and yet we are compelled to see here— if we would not wilfully be blind or blindfold—a poet, yes, a great poet, with a fervid fancy rather than an imagination, a poet with puny passions, a poet with no more than the momentary and impulsive sincerity of an infirm soul, a poet with small intellect—and thrice a poet.

And, assuredly, if the creative arts are duly humbled in the universal contemplation of Nature, if they are accused, if they are weighed, if they are found wanting; if they are excused by nothing but our intimate human sympathy with dear and interesting imperfection; if poetry stands outdone by the passion and experience of an inarticulate soul, and painting by the splendor of the day, and building by the forest and the cloud, there is another art also that has to be humiliated, and this is the art and science of criticism, confounded by its contemplation of such a poet. Poor little art of examination and formula! The miracle of day and night and immortality are needed to rebuke the nobler arts; but our art, the critic's, mine to-day, is brought to book, and its heart is broken, and its sincerity disgraced, by the paradoxes of the truth. Not in the heavens nor in the sub-celestial landscape does this minor art find its refutation, but in the puzzle between a man and his gift; and in part the man is ignoble and leads us by distasteful paths, and compels us to a reluctant work of literary detection. Useful is the critical spirit, but it loses heart when (to take a very definite instance) it has to ask what literary sincerity—what value for art and letters—lived in Swinburne, who hailed a certain old friend, in a dedication, as "poet and painter" when he was pleased with him, and declared him "poetaster and dauber" when something in that dead man's posthumous autobiography

offended his own self-love; when, I say, criticism finds itself called upon, amid its admiration, to do such scavenger work, it loses heart as well as the clue, and would gladly go out into the free air of greater arts, and, with them, take exterior Nature's nobler reprobation.

I have to cite this instance of a change of mind, or of terms and titles, in Swinburne's estimate of art and letters, because it is all-important to my argument. It is a change he makes in published print, and, therefore, no private matter. And I cite it, not as a sign of moral fault, with which I have no business, but as a sign of a most significant literary insensibility—insensibility, whether to the quality of a poetaster when he wrote "poet," or to that of a poet when he wrote "poetaster," is of no matter.

Rather than justify the things I have ventured to affirm as to Swinburne's little intellect, and paltry degree of sincerity, and rachitic passion, and tumid fancy—judgment-confounding things to predicate of a great poet—I turn to the happier task of praise. A great writer of English was he, and would have been one of the recurring renewers of our often renewed and incomparable language, had his words not become habitual to himself, so that they quickly lost the light, the breeze, the breath; one whose fondness for beauty deserved the serious name of love; one whom beauty at times favored and filled so visibly, by such obvious visits and possessions, favors so manifest, apparitions so overwhelming, inspirations so complete, that inevitably we forget we are speaking fictions and allegories, and imagine her a visiting power exterior to her poet; a man, moreover, of a less, not more, than manly receptiveness and appreciation, so that he was entirely and easily possessed by admirations. Less than manly we must call his extraor-

diary recklessness of appreciation; it is, as it were, ideally feminine; it is possible, however, that no woman has yet been capable of so entire an emotional impulse and impetus; more than manly it might have been but for the lack of a responsible intellect in that impulse; had it possessed such an intellectual sanction, Swinburne's admiration of Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Dickens, Baudelaire, and Théophile Gautier might—so sung—have resembled an archangel's admiration of God.

We are inclined to complain of such an objection to Swinburne's poetry as was prevalent at his earlier appearance and may be found in criticisms of the time, before the later fashion of praise set in—the obvious objection that it was as indigent in thought as affluent in words; for, though a truth, it is an inadequate truth. It might be affirmed of many a verse-writer of not unusual talent and insignificance, whose affluence of words was inselective and merely abundant, and whose poverty of thought was something less than a national disaster. Swinburne's failure of intellect was, in the fullest and most serious sense, a national disaster, and his riches in words was a national wonder. For what words they are! True, it is in their inexplicable beauty that Swinburne's art finds its absolution from the obligations of meaning, according to the vulgar judgment; and we can hardly wonder.

I wish it were not customary to write of one art in the terms of another, and I use the words "music" and "musical" under protest, because the world has been so delighted to call verse that is pleasant to the ear "musical," that it has not supplied me with another and more specialized and appropriate word. Swinburne is a complete master of the rhythm and rhyme, the time and accent, the pause, the balance, the flow of vowel and clash of consonant, that make the

"music" for which verse is popular and prized. We need not complain that it is for the tune rather than for the melody—if we must use those alien terms—that he is chiefly admired, and even for the jingle rather than for the tune; he gave his readers all three, and all three in extreme perfection. Nineteen out of twenty who take pleasure in this art of his will quote you first

When the hounds of Spring are on  
winter's traces  
The Mother of months, in meadow  
and plain,

and the rest of the buoyant familiar lines. I confess there is something too obvious, insistent, emphatic, too much that is analogous to dance-music to give me more than a slight pleasure; but it is possible that I am prejudiced by a dislike of English anapaests. (I am aware that the classic terms are not really applicable to our English metres, into which quantity enters so little, but the reader will understand that I mean the metre of the lines just quoted.) I do not find these anapaests in the Elizabethan or in the seventeenth century poets, or most rarely. They were dear to the eighteenth century, and, much more than the heroic couplet, are the distinctive metre of that age. They swagger—or, worse, they strut—in its lighter verse, from its first year to its last. Swinburne's anapaests are far too delicate for swagger or strut; but for all their dance, all their spring, all their flight, all their flutter, we are compelled to perceive that, as it were, they *perform*. I love to see English poetry move to many measures, to many numbers, but always with the simple iambic and the simple trochaic foot. Those two are enough for the infinite variety, the epic, the drama, the lyric, of our poetry. It is, accordingly, in these old traditional and proved

metres that Swinburne's beautiful music seems to me most worthy, most controlled, and most lovely. *There* is his best dignity, and therefore his best beauty. For even beauty is not to be thrust upon us; she is not to solicit us or offer herself thus to the first comer; and in the most admired of those flying lyrics she is thus immoderately lavish of herself. "He lays himself out," wrote Francis Thompson in an anonymous criticism of which I am glad to make known the authorship, "to delight and seduce. The great poets entice by a glorious 'accident . . . but allurements, in Mr. Swinburne's poetry, is the alpha and omega." This is true of all that he has written, but it is true, in a more fatal sense, of these famous tunes of his "music." Nay, delicate as they are, we are convinced that it is the less delicate ear that most surely takes much pleasure in them, the dull ear that chiefly they delight.

Compare with such luxurious jingles the graver music of this "Vision of Spring in Winter":

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,  
Large nightfall, nor imperial pleu-  
llune,  
Nor strong sweet shape of the full-  
breasted noon;  
But where the silver-sandalled shad-  
ows are,  
Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,  
Moves with the mild gait of an un-  
grown moon.

Even more valuable than this exquisite rhymed stanza is the blank verse which Swinburne released into new energies, new liberties, and new movements. Milton, it need hardly be said, is the master of those who know how to place and displace the stress and accent of the English heroic line. His most majestic hand undid the mechanical bonds of the national line and

made it obey the unwritten laws of his genius. His blank verse marches, pauses, lingers, and charges. It feels the strain, it yields, it resists; it is all-expressive. But if the practice of some of the poets succeeding him had tended to make it rigid and tame again, Swinburne was a new liberator. He writes when he ought, with a finely appropriate regularity, as in the lovely line on the forest glades

That fear the faun's and know the  
dryad's foot,

in which the rule is completely kept, every step of the five stepping from the unaccented place to the accented without a tremor. (I must again protest that I use the word "accent" in a sense that has come to be adapted to English prosody, because it is so used by all writers on English metre, and is therefore understood by the reader, but I think "stress" the better word.) But having written this perfect English-iambic line so wonderfully fit for the sensitive quiet of the woods, he turns the page to the onslaught of such lines—heroic lines with a difference—as report the short-breathed messenger's reply to Althea's question by whose hands the boar of Calydon had died:

A maiden's and a prophet's and thy  
son's.

It is lamentable that in his latest blank verse Swinburne should have made a trick and a manner of that most energetic device of his by which he leads the line at a rush from the first syllable to the tenth, and on to the first of the line succeeding, with a great recoil to follow, as though a rider brought a horse to his haunches. It is in the same boar hunt:

And fiery with invasive eyes,  
And bristling with intolerable hair,  
Plunged;—

Sometimes we may be troubled with a misgiving that Swinburne's fine narrative, as well as his descriptive writing of other kinds, has a counterpart in the programme-music of the new composers. It is even too descriptive, too imitative of things, and seems to outrun the province of words, somewhat as that does the province of notes. But, though this hunting, and checking, and floating, and flying in metre may be to strain the arts of prosody and diction, with how masterly a hand is the straining accomplished! The spear, the arrow, the attack, the charge, the footfall, the platoon, nay, the very stepping of the moon, the walk of the wind, are mimicked in this enchanting verse. Like to programme-music we must call it, but I wish the concert-platform had ever justified this slight perversion of aim, this excess—almost corruption—of one kind of skill, thus miraculously well.

Now, if Swinburne's exceptional faculty of diction led him to immoderate expressiveness, to immodest sweetness, to a jugglery, and prestidigitation, and conjuring of words, to transformations and transmutations of sound—if, I say, his extraordinary gift of diction brought him to this exaggeration of the manner, what a part does it not play in the matter of his poetry! So overwhelming a place does it take in this man's art that I believe the words to hold and use his meaning, rather than the meaning to compass and grasp and use the word. I believe that Swinburne's thoughts have their source, their home, their origin, their authority and mission in those two places—his own vocabulary and the passion of other men. This is a grave charge.

First, then, in regard to the passion of other men. I have given to his own emotion the puniest name I could find for it; I have no nobler name for his intellect. But other men

had thoughts, other men had passions; political, sexual, natural, noble, vile, ideal, gross, rebellious, agonizing, imperial, republican, cruel, compassionate; and with these he fed his verses. Upon these and their life he sustained, he fattened, he enriched his poetry. Mazzini in Italy, Gautier and Baudelaire in France, Shelley in England, made for him a base of passionate and intellectual supplies. With them he kept the all-necessary line of communication. We cease, as we see their active hearts possess his active art to think a question as to his sincerity seriously worth asking; what sincerity he has is so absorbed in the one excited act of receptivity. That, indeed, he performs with all the will, all the precipitation, all the rush, all the surrender, all the whole-hearted weakness of his subservient and impetuous nature. I have not named the Greeks, nor the English Bible, nor Milton, as his inspirers. These he would claim; they are not his. He received too partial, too fragmentary, too arbitrary an inheritance of the Greek spirit, too illusory an idea of Milton, of the English Bible little more than a tone;—this poet of eager, open capacity, this poet who is little more intellectually, than a too-ready, too-vacant capacity, for those three august severities has not room enough.

Charged, then, with other men's purposes—this man's Italian patriotism, this man's hatred of God (by that name, for God has been denied, as a fiction, but Swinburne and his prompters temporarily acknowledge Him to detest Him), this man's love of sin (by that name, for sin has been denied, as an illusion, but Swinburne, following Baudelaire, acknowledges it to love it), this man's despatch against the Third Empire or what not, this man's cry for a liberty granted or gained long ago—a cry grown vain, this man's contempt

for the Boers—nay, was it so much as a man, with a man's evil to answer for, that furnished him here; was it not rather that less guilty fool, the crowd?—this man's—nay, this boy's—erotic sickness, or his cruelty—charged with all these, Swinburne's poetry is primed; it explodes with thunder and fire. But such fraternity is somewhat too familiar for dignity; such community of goods parodies the Franciscans. As one friar goes darned for another's rending, having no property in cassock or cowl, so does many a poet, not in humility, but in a paradox of pride, boast of the past of others. And yet one might rather choose to make use of one's fellow-men's old shoes rather than to put their old secrets to usufruct, and dress poetry in a motley of past passions, twice corrupt. Promiscuity of love we have heard of; Pope was accused, by Lord Hervey's indignation and wit, of promiscuity of hatred, and of scattering his disfavours in the stews of an indiscriminate malignity; and here is another promiscuity—that of memories, and of a licence partaken.

But by the unanimous poets' splendid love of the landscape and the skies, by this also was Swinburne possessed, and in this he triumphed. By this, indeed, he profited; here he joined an innumerable company of that heavenly host of earth. Let us acknowledge his honorable alacrity here, his quick fellowship, his magnificent adoption, his filial tenderness—nay, his fraternal union with his poets. No tourist's admiration for all things French, no tourist's politics in Italy—and Swinburne's French and Italian admirations have the tourist manner of enthusiasm—prompts him here. Here he aspires to brotherhood with the supreme poets of supreme England, with the sixteenth century, the seventeenth, and the nineteenth; the impassioned centuries of song. Happy is he to be admit-

ted among these, happy is he to merit by his wonderful voice to sing their raptures. Here is no humiliation in ready-made lendings; their ecstasy becomes him. He is glorious with them, and we can imagine this benign and indulgent Nature confounding together the sons she embraces, and making her poets—the primary and the secondary, the greater and the lesser—all equals in her arms. Let us see him in that company where he looks noble amongst the noble; let us not look upon him in the company of the ignoble, where he looks ignobler still, being servile to them; let us look upon him with the lyrical Shakespeare, with Vaughan, Blake, Wordsworth, Patmore, Meredith; not with Baudelaire and Gautier; with the poets of the forest and the sun, and not with those of the alcove. We can make peace with him for love of them; we can imagine them thankful to him who, poor and perverse in thought in so many pages, could yet join them in such a song as this:

And her heart sprang in Iseult, and she  
drew  
With all her spirit and life the sunrise  
through,  
And through her lips the keen triumph-  
ant air,  
Sea-scented, sweeter than land-roses  
were,  
And through her eyes the whole re-  
joicing east  
Sun-satisfied, and all the heaven at  
feast  
Spread for the morning; and the impe-  
rious mirth  
Of wind and light that moved upon the  
earth,  
Making the spring, and all the fruitful  
might  
And strong regeneration of delight  
That swells the seedling leaf and sap-  
ling man.

He, nevertheless, who was able, in high company, to half the sea with such fine verse, was not ashamed, in low

company, to sing the famous absurdities about "the lilies and languors of virtue and the roses and raptures of vice," with many and many a passage of like character. I think it more generous, seeing I have differed so much from the chorus of excessive praise, to quote little from the vacant, the paltry, the silly—no word is so fit as that last little word—among his pages. Therefore, I have justified my praise, but not my blame. It is for the reader to turn to the justifying pages: to "A Song of Italy," "Les Noyades," "Hermaphroditus," "Satia te Sanguine," "Kissing her Hair," "An Interlude," "In a Garden," or such a stanza as the one beginning

O thought illimitable and infinite heart  
Whose blood is life in limbs indis-  
solute  
That all keep heartless thine invisible  
part  
And inextirpable thy viewless root  
Whence all sweet shafts of green and  
each thy dart  
Of sharpening leaf and bud resunder-  
ing shoot.

It is for the reader who has preserved rectitude of intellect, sincerity of heart, dignity of nerves, unhurried thoughts, an unexcited heart, and an ardor for poetry, to judge between these poems and an authentic passion, between these poems and truth, I will add between these poems and beauty.

Having had recourse to the passion of stronger minds for his provision of emotions, Swinburne had direct recourse to his own vocabulary as a kind of treasury wherein he stored what he needed for a song. Claudius stole the precious diadem of the kingdom from a shelf and put it in his pocket; Swinburne took from the shelf of literature—took with what art, what touch, what cunning, what complete skill!—the treasure of the lan-

guage, and put it in his pocket.

Into the pocket he thrusts urgently for his hate in the word "blood," for his wrath in the word "fire," for his wildness (he is anxious for his wildness) in the word "foam" with hyphen-joined companions, for his sweetness in the word "flower," also much linked, so that "flower-soft" has almost become his, and not Shakespeare's. For in that compound he labors to exaggerate Shakespeare, and by his insistence and iteration goes about to spoil for us the "flower-soft hands" of Cleopatra's rudder-maiden; but he shall not spoil Shakespeare's phrase for us. And, behold, in all this fundamental fumbling Swinburne's later critics see nothing but a "mannerism," if they see even thus much offence.

One of the chief pocket-words was "Liberty." Who, it has been well asked by a citizen of a modern free country, is thoroughly free except a fish? *Et encore*—even the "silent and footless herds" may have more inter-accommodation than we are aware. But in the pocket of the secondary poet how easy and how ready a word is this, a word implying old and true heroisms, but significant now of an excitable poet's economies. Yes, economies of thought and passion. This poet, who is conspicuously the poet of excess, is in deeper truth the poet of penury and defect.

What, finally, is his influence upon the language he has ransacked? A temporary laying-waste, undoubtedly. That is, the contemporary use of his vocabulary is spoilt, his beautiful words are wasted, spent, squandered, *gaspillés*. The contemporary use—I will not say the future use, for no critic should prophesy. But the past he has not been able to violate. He has had no power to rob of their freshness the sixteenth century flower, the seventeenth century fruit, or by his



violence to shake from either a drop of their dew.

At the outset I warned the judges and the pronouncers of sentences how this poet, with other poets of quite different character, would escape their summaries, and he has indeed refuted that maxim which I had learned at illustrious knees, "You may not disassociate the matter and manner of any of the greatest poets; the two are so fused by integrity of fire, whether in tragedy or epic or in the simplest song, that the sundering is the vainest task of criticism." But I cannot read Swinburne and not be compelled to

*The Dublin Review.*

divide his secondhand and enfeebled and excited matter from the beautiful art of his word. Of that word Francis Thompson has said again, "It imposes a law on the sense." Therefore, he too perceived that exceptional division. Is, then, the wisdom of the maxim confounded? Or is Swinburne's a "single and excepted case"? Excepted by a thousand degrees of talent from any generality fitting the obviously lesser poets, but, possibly, also excepted by an essential inferiority from a great maxim fitting only the greatest?

*Alice Meynell.*

---

## THE HOTEL ON THE LANDSCAPE.

I do not mean the picturesque and gabled construction which on our own country-side has been restored to prosperity, though not to efficiency, by Americans travelling with money and motor-cars. I mean the uncompromising grand hotel—Majestic, Palace, Metropole, Royal, Splendide, Victoria, Belle Vue, Ritz, Savoy, Windsor, Continental, and supereminently Grand—which was perhaps first invented and compiled in Northumberland Avenue, and has now spread with its thousand windows and balconies over the entire world. I mean the hotel which is invariably referred to in daily newspapers as a "huge modern caravanserai." This hotel cannot be judged in a town. In a town, unless it possesses a river-front or a sea-esplanade, the eye never gets higher than its second story, and as a spectacle the hotel resolves itself usually into a row of shops (for the sale of uselessness), with a large square hole in the middle manned by laced officials who die after a career devoted exclusively to the opening and shutting of glazed double-doors.

To be fairly judged, the grand hotel

must be seen alone on a landscape as vast as itself. The best country in which to see it is therefore Switzerland. True, the Riviera is regularly fringed with grand hotels from Toulon to the other side of San Remo; but there they are so closely packed as to interfere with each other's impressiveness, and as a rule they are too low in altitude. In Switzerland they occur in all conceivable and inconceivable situations. The official guide of the Swiss Society of Hotel Keepers gives us photographs of over eight hundred grand hotels, and it is by no means complete; in fact, some of the grandest consider themselves too grand to be in it, pictorially. Just as Germany is the land of pundits and aniline dyes, France of revolutions, England of beautiful women, and Scotland of sixpences, so is Switzerland the land of huge modern caravanserais.

You may put Snowdon on the top of Ben Nevis and climb up the height of the total by the aid of railways, funiculars, racks and pinions, diligences and sledges; and when nothing but your own feet will take you any

farther, you will see, in Switzerland, a grand hotel, magically and incredibly raised aloft in the mountains; solitary—no town, no houses, nothing but this hotel hemmed in on all sides by snowy crags, and made impregnable by precipices and treacherous snow and ice. I always imagine that at the next great re-drawing of the map of Europe, when the lesser nationalities are to disappear, the Switzers will take armed refuge in their farthest grand hotels, and there defy the mandates of the Concert. For the hotel, no matter how remote it be, lacks nothing that is mentioned in the dictionary of comfort. Beyond its walls your life is not worth twelve hours' purchase. You would not die of hunger because you would perish of cold. At best you might hit on some peasant's cottage in which the standards of existence had not changed for a century. But once pass within the portals of the grand hotel, and you become the spoiled darling of an intricate organization that laughs at mountains, avalanches, and frost. You are surrounded by luxuries surpassing even the luxuries offered by the huge modern caravanserais of London. (For example, I believe that no London caravanserai is steam-heated throughout.) You have the temperature of the South, or of the North, by turning a handle, and the light of suns at midnight. You have the restaurants of Piccadilly and the tea-rooms of St. James's Street. You eat to the music of wild artistes in red uniforms. You are amused by conjurers, bridge-drives, and cotillions. You can read the periodical literature of the world while reclining on upholstery from the most expensive houses in Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street. You have a post-office, a telegraph-office, and a telephone; pianos, pianolas, and musical-boxes. You go up to bed in a lift, and come down again to lunch in one. You need only ring a bell, and a spe-

cially trained man in clothes more glittering than yours will answer you softly in any language you please, and do anything you want except carry you bodily. . . . And on the other side of a pane of glass is the white peak, the virgin glacier, twenty degrees of frost, starvation, death—and Nature as obdurate as she was ten thousand years ago. Within the grand hotel civilization is so powerful that it governs the very color of your necktie of an evening. Without it, cut off from it, in those mountains you would be fighting your fellows for existence according to the codes of primitive humanity. Put your nose against the dark window, after dinner, while the band is soothing your digestion with a waltz, and in the distance you may see a greenish light. It is a star. And a little below it you may see a yellow light glimmering. It is another grand hotel, by day generally invisible, another *eyrie de luxe*.

You go home and calmly say that you have been staying at the Grand Hotel Blank. But does it ever occur to you to wonder how it was all done? Does it ever occur to you that orchestras, lamp-shades, fresh eggs, fresh fish, vanilla ices, champagne, and cut flowers do not grow on snow-wreathed crags? You have not been staying in a hotel, but in a miracle of seven stories. In the sub-basement lie the wines. In the basement women are for ever washing linen and men for ever cooking. On the ground-floor all is eating and drinking and rhythm. Then come five stories of slumber; and above that the attics where the tips are divided.

In judging the hotel on the landscape, you must thus imaginatively realize what it is and what it means.

The eye needs to be trained before it can look seeingly at a grand hotel and disengage its beauty from the mists and distortions which prejudice has created. This age (like any other

age, for the matter of that) has so little confidence in itself that it cannot believe that it has created anything beautiful. It is incapable of conceiving that an insurance office may be beautiful. It is convinced, with the late Sir William Harcourt, that New Scotland Yard is a monstrosity. It talks of the cost, not of the beauty, of the Piccadilly Hotel. No doubt the Romans, who were nevertheless a sound artistic race of the second rank, talked of the cost (in slaves) of their aqueducts, and would have been puzzled could they have seen us staring at the imperfect remains of the said aqueducts as interesting works of art. The notion that a hotel, even the most comfortable, is anything but a blot on the landscape, has probably never yet occurred to a single one of the thousands of dilettanti who wander restlessly over the face of Europe admiring architecture and scenery. Hotels as visual objects are condemned offhand, without leave to appeal, unheard, or rather unseen—I mean really “unseen.”

For several weeks, once, I passed daily in the vicinity of a huge modern caravanserai, which stood by itself on a mountain side in Switzerland; and my attitude towards that hotel was as abusive and violent as Ruskin's towards railways. And then one evening, early, in the middle dusk, I came across it unexpectedly, when I was not prepared for it: it took me unawares and suddenly conquered me. I saw it in the mass, rising in an immense irregular rectangle out of a floor of snow and a background of pines and firs. Its details had vanished. What I saw was not a series of parts, but the whole hotel, as one organism and entity. Only its eight floors were indicated by illuminated windows and behind those windows I seemed to have a mysterious sense of its lifts continually ascending and descending. The apparition was impressive, poetic, almost

overwhelming. It was of a piece with the mountains. It had simplicity, severity, grandeur. It was indubitably and movingly beautiful. My eye had been opened; the training had been begun.

I expected, naturally, that the next morning I should see the hotel again in its original ugliness. But no! My view of it had been permanently altered. I had glimpsed the secret of the true manner of seeing a grand hotel. A grand hotel must be seen grandiosely—that is to say, it must be seen with a large sweep of the eye, and from a distance, and while the eye is upon its form the brain must appreciate its moral significance; for the one explains the other. You do not examine Mont Blanc or an oil painting by Turner with a microscope, and you must not look at a grand hotel as you would look at a marble fountain or a miniature.

Since the crepuscular hour above described, I have learnt to observe sympathetically the physiognomy of grand hotels, and I have discovered a new source of æsthetic pleasure. I remember on a morning in autumn, standing on a suspension bridge over the Dordogne and gazing at a feudal castle perched on a pre-feudal crag. I could not decide whether the feudal castle or the suspension bridge was the more romantic fact (for I am so constituted as to see the phenomena of the nineteenth century with the vision of the twenty-third), but the feudal castle, silhouetted against the flank of a great hill that shimmered in the sunshine, had an extraordinary beauty—moral as well as physical, possibly more moral than physical. As architecture it could not compare with the Parthenon or New Scotland Yard. But it was far from ugly, and it had an exquisite rightness in the landscape. I understood that it had been put precisely there because that was the unique

place for it. And I understood that its turrets and windows and roofs and walls had been constructed precisely as they were constructed because a whole series of complicated ends had to be attained which could have been attained in no other way. Here was a simple result of an unaffected human activity which had endeavored to achieve an honest utilitarian end, and, while succeeding, had succeeded also in producing a work of art that gave pleasure to a mind entirely unfeudal. A feudal castle on a crag as impossible to climb as to descend is, and always was, exotic, artificial, and against nature—like every effort of man!—but it does, and always did, contribute to the happiness of peoples.

Similarly I remember, on a morning in winter, standing on a wild country road, gazing at another castle perched on a pre-feudal crag. But this castle was about fifteen times as big as the former one, and the crag had its earthy foot in a lake about a mile below. The scale of everything was terrifically larger. Still, the two castles, seen at proportionate distances, bore a strange, disconcerting resemblance the one to the other. The architecture of the second, as of the first, would not compare with the Parthenon or New Scotland Yard. But it was not ugly. And assuredly it had an exquisite rightness in the landscape. I understood, far better than in the former instance, that it had been put precisely where it was, because no other spot would have been so suited to its purposes; its geographical relation to the sun and the lake and the mountains had been perfectly adjusted. I understood profoundly the meaning of all those rows of windows and all those balconies facing the south and south-east. I understood profoundly the intention of the great glazed box at the base of the castle. I could read the words that the wreath of smoke from behind the

turreted roof was writing on the slate of the sky, and those words were "Chauffage central." From the façades I could construct the plan and arrangement of the interior of the castle. I could instantly decide which of its two hundred chambers were the costliest, and which would be the last to be occupied and the first to be left. I could feel the valves of its heart rising and falling. Here was the simple result of an unaffected human activity, which had endeavored to achieve an honest utilitarian end, and, while succeeding, had succeeded also in giving pleasure to a mind representative of the twenty-third century. A grand hotel on a crag as impossible to climb as to descend is, and always will be, exotic, artificial, and against nature—like every effort of man! Why should a man want to leave that pancake, England, and reside for weeks at a time in dizzy altitudes in order to stare at mountains and propel himself over snow and ice by means of skis, skates, sledges, and other unnatural dodges? No one knows. But the ultimate sequel, gathered up and symbolized in the grand hotel, contributes to the happiness of peoples and gives joy to the eye that is not afflicted with moral cataract.

And I am under no compulsion to confine myself to Switzerland. I do not object to go to the other extreme and flit to the Sahara. Who that from afar off in the Algerian desert has seen the white tower of the Royal Hotel at Biskra, oasis of a hundred thousand palm-trees and twenty grand hotels, will deny either its moral or its physical beauty in that tremendously beautiful landscape?

Conceivably, the judgment against hotel architecture was fatally biased in its origin by the horrible libels pictured on hotel note-papers.

In estimating the architecture of hotels, it must be borne in mind that

they constitute the sole genuine contribution made by the modern epoch to the real history of architecture. The last previous contribution took the shape of railway stations, which, until the erection of the Lyons and the Orleans stations in Paris—about seventy years after the birth of stations—were almost without exception desolate failures. It will not be seriously argued, I suppose, that the first twenty years of grand hotels have added as much ugliness to the world's stock of ugliness as the first twenty years of railway stations. If there exists a grand hotel as direfully squalid as King's Cross Station (palace of an undertaking with a capital of over sixty millions sterling) I should like to see it. Hotel architecture is the outcome of a new feature in the activity of society, and this fact must be taken into account. When a new grand hotel takes a page of a daily paper to announce itself as the "last word" of hotels—what it means is, roughly, the "first word," as distinguished from inarticulate babbling.

Of course it is based on strictly utilitarian principles—and rightly. Even when the grand hotel blossoms into rich ornamentation, the aim is not beauty, but the attracting of clients. And the practical conditions, the shackles of utility, in which the architecture of hotels has to evolve, are extremely severe and galling. In the end this will probably lead to a finer form of beauty than would otherwise have been achieved. In the first place a grand hotel, especially when it is situated "on the landscape," can have only one authentic face, and to this face the other three must be sacrificed. Already many hotels advertise that every bedroom without exception looks south, or at any rate looks direct at whatever prospect the visitors have come to look at. This means that the hotel must have length without depth—

that it must be a sort of vast wall pierced with windows. Further, the democratic quality of the social microcosm of a hotel necessitates an external monotony of detail. In general, all the rooms on each floor must resemble each other, possessing the same advantages. If one has a balcony, all must have balconies. There must be no sacrificing of the amenities of a room here and there to demands of variety or balance in the elevation. Again, the hotel must be relatively lofty—not because of lack of space, but to facilitate a complex service. The kitchens of Buckingham Palace may be a quarter of a mile from the dining-room, and people will say, "How wonderful!" But if a pot of tea had to be carried a quarter of a mile in a grand hotel, from the kitchen to a bedroom, people would say, "How absurd!" or, "How stewed!" The "layer" system of architecture is from all points of view indispensable to the grand hotel, and its scenic disadvantages must be met by the exercise of ingenuity. There are other problems confronting the hotel architect, such as the fitting together of very large public rooms with very small private rooms, and the obligation to minimize externally a whole vital department of the hotel (the kitchens, etc.); and I conceive that these problems are perhaps not the least exasperating.

From the utilitarian standpoint the architect of hotels has unquestionably succeeded. The latest hotels are admirably planned; and a good plan cannot result in an elevation entirely bad. One might say, indeed, that a good plan implies an elevation good in at any rate elementals. Save that bedrooms are seldom sound-proof, and that they are nearly always too long for their breadth (the reason is obvious), not much fault can be found with the practical features of the newest hotel architecture. In essential matters hotel

architecture is good. You may dissolve in ecstasy before the façade of the Château de Chambord; but it is certainly the whitened sepulchre of sacrificed comfort, health and practicability. There also, but from a different and a less defensible cause, and to a different and not a better end, the importance of the main front rides roughly over numerous other considerations. In skilful planning no architecture of any period equals ours; and ours is the architecture of grand hotels.

The beholder, before abruptly condemning that uniformity of feature which is the chief characteristic of the hotel on the landscape, must reflect that this is the natural outer expression of the spirit and needs of the hotel, and that it neither can be nor ought to be disguised. It is of the very essence of the building. It may be very slightly relieved by the employment of certain devices of grouping—as some architects in the United States have shown—but it must remain patent and paramount; and the ultimate beauty of more advanced styles will undoubtedly spring from it and, in a minor degree, from the other inner conditions to which I have referred. And even when the ultimate beauty has been accomplished the same thing will come to pass as has always come to pass in the gradual process of schools of architecture. The pendulum will swing too far, and the best critics of those future days will point to the primitive erections of the early twentieth cen-

tury and affirm that there has been a decadence since then, and that if the virtue of architecture is to be maintained inspiration must be sought by returning to the first models, when men did not consciously think of beauty, but produced beauty unawares!

It was ever thus.

The salvation of hotel architecture, up to this present, is that the grand hotel on the landscape, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is remuneratively occupied only during some three or four months in the year. Which means that the annual interest on capital expenditure must be earned in that brief period. Which in turn means that architects have no money to squander on ornament in an age notorious for its bad ornament. If the architect of the grand hotel were as little disturbed by the question of dividends as Francis the First was in creating his Chambord and other marvels, the consequences might have been offensive even to the sympathetic eye.

Meanwhile, in Switzerland, the hotel architect may flatter himself that he has suddenly given architecture to a country which had none. This is a highly curious phenomenon. "Next door" to the grand hotel which so surprised me in the twilight is another human habitation, fairly representative of all the non-hotel architecture on the Swiss country-side. It is quaint, and it would not hurt a fly. But surely the grand hotel is man's more fitting answer to the challenge of the mountains?

*Arnold Bennett.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*



## OTHER KINGDOM.

I

"*Quem*, whom; *fugis*, are you avoiding; *ah demens*, you silly ass; *habitarent di quoque*, gods too have lived in; *silvas*, the woods." Go ahead!"

I always brighten the classics—it is part of my system—and therefore I translated *demens* by "silly ass." But Miss Beaumont need not have made a note of the translation, and Ford, who knows better, need not have echoed after me, "Whom are you avoiding, you silly ass, gods too have lived, in the woods."

"Ye—es," I replied, with scholarly hesitation. "Ye—es. *Silvas*—woods, wooded spaces, the country generally. Yes. *Demens*, of course, is *de—mens*. 'Ah, witless fellow! Gods, I say, even gods have dwelt in the woods ere now.'"

"But I thought gods always lived in the sky," said Mrs. Worters, interrupting our lesson for I think the third-and-twentieth time.

"Not always," answered Miss Beaumont. As she spoke she inserted "witless fellow" as an alternative to "silly ass."

"I always thought they lived in the sky."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Worters," the girl repeated. "Not always." And finding her place in the note-book she read as follows: "Gods. Where. Chief deities—Mount Olympus. Pan—most places, as name implies. Oreads—mountains. Sirens, Tritons, Nereids—water (salt). Nalads—water (fresh). Satyrs, Fauns, &c.—woods. Dryads—trees."

"Well, dear, you have learnt a lot. And will you now tell me what good it has done you?"

"It has helped me—" faltered Miss Beaumont. She was very earnest over her classics. She wished she

could have said what good they had done her.

Ford came to her rescue. "Of course it's helped you. The classics are full of tips. They teach you how to dodge things."

I begged my young friend not to dodge his Virgil lesson.

"But they do!" he cried. "Suppose that long-haired brute Apollo wants to give you a music lesson. Well, out you pop into the laurels. Or Universal Nature comes along. You aren't feeling particularly keen on Universal Nature, so you turn into a reed."

"Is Jack mad?" asked Mrs. Worters.

But Miss Beaumont had caught the allusions—which were quite ingenious, I must admit. "And Cræsus?" she inquired. "What was it one turned into to get away from Cræsus?"

I hastened to tidy up her mythology. "Midas, Miss Beaumont, not Cræsus. And he turns you—you don't turn yourself: he turns you into gold."

"There's no dodging Midas," said Ford.

"Surely—" said Miss Beaumont. She had been learning Latin not quite a fortnight, but she would have corrected the Regius Professor.

He began to tease her. "Oh, there's no dodging Midas! He just comes, he touches you, and you pay him several thousand per cent. at once. You're gold—a young golden lady—if he touches you."

"I won't be touched!" she cried, relapsing into her habitual frivolity.

"Oh, but he'll touch you."

"He sha'n't!"

"He will."

"He sha'n't!"

"He will."

Miss Beaumont took up her Virgil

and smacked Ford over the head with it.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!" said Mrs. Worters. "Now you are forgetting yourself. And you also forget my question. What good has Latin done you?"

"Mr. Ford—what good has Latin done you?"

"Mr. Inskip—what good has Latin done us?"

So I was let in for the classical controversy. The arguments for the study of Latin are perfectly sound, but they are difficult to remember, and the afternoon sun was hot, and I needed my tea. But I had to justify my existence as a coach, so I took off my eye-glasses and breathed on them and said, "My dear Ford, what a question!"

"It's all right for Jack," said Mrs. Worters. "Jack has to pass his entrance examination. But what's the good of it for Evelyn? None at all."

"No, Mrs. Worters," I persisted, pointing my eye-glasses at her. "I cannot agree. Miss Beaumont is—in a sense—new to our civilization. She is entering it, and Latin is one of the subjects in her entrance examination also. No one can grasp modern life without some knowledge of its origins."

"But why should she grasp modern life?" said the tiresome woman.

"Well, there you are!" I retorted, and shut up my eye-glasses with a snap.

"Mr. Inskip, I am not there. Kindly tell me what's the good of it all. Oh, I've been through it myself: Jupiter, Venus, Juno, I know the lot of them. And many of the stories not at all proper."

"Classical education," I said drily, "is not entirely confined to classical mythology. Though even the mythology has its value. Dreams if you like, but there is value in dreams."

"I too have dreams," said Mrs. Wor-

ters, "but I am not so foolish as to mention them afterwards."

Mercifully we were interrupted. A rich virile voice close behind us said, "Cherish your dreams!" We had been joined by our host, Harcourt Worters—Mrs. Worters' son, Miss Beaumont's *flaunt*, Ford's guardian, my employer: I must speak of him as Mr. Worters.

"Let us cherish our dreams!" he repeated. "All day I've been fighting, haggling, bargaining. And to come out on to this lawn and see you all learning Latin, so happy, so passionless, so Arcadian——"

He did not finish the sentence, but sank into the chair next to Miss Beaumont, and possessed himself of her hand. As he did so she sang: "Ah, you silly ass gods live in woods!"

"What have we here?" said Mr. Worters with a slight frown.

With the other hand she pointed to me.

"Virgil——" I stammered. "Colloquial translation——"

"Oh, I see. A colloquial translation of poetry." Then his smile returned. "Perhaps if gods live in woods, that is why woods are so dear. I have just bought Other Kingdom Copse!"

Loud exclamations of joy. Indeed, the beeches in that copse are as fine as any in Hertfordshire. Moreover, it, and the meadow by which it is approached, have always made an ugly notch in the rounded contours of the Worters' estate. So we were all very glad that Mr. Worters had purchased Other Kingdom. Only Ford kept silent, stroking his head where the Virgil had hit it, and smiling a little to himself as he did so.

"Judging from the price I paid, I should say that there was a god in every tree. But price, this time, was no object." He glanced at Miss Beaumont. "You admire beeches, Evelyn, do you not?"

"I forget always which they are. Like this?"

She flung her arms up above her head, close together, so that she looked like a slender column. Then her body swayed and her delicate green dress quivered over it with the suggestion of countless leaves.

"My dear child!" exclaimed her lover.

"No: that is a silver birch," said Ford.

"Oh, of course. Like this, then." And she twitched up her skirts so that for a moment they spread out in great horizontal layers, like the layers of a beech.

We glanced at the house, but none of the servants were looking. So we laughed, and said she ought to go on the variety stage.

"Ah, this is the kind I like!" she cried, and practised the beech-tree again.

"I thought so," said Mr. Worters. "I thought so. Other Kingdom Copse is yours."

"Mine——?" She had never had such a present in her life. She could not realize it.

"The purchase will be drawn up in your name. You will sign the deed. Receive the wood, with my love. It is a second engagement ring."

"But is it—is it mine? Can I—do what I like there?"

"You can," said Mr. Worters, smiling.

She rushed at him and kissed him. She kissed Mrs. Worters. She would have kissed myself and Ford if we had not extruded elbows. The joy of possession had turned her head.

"It's mine! I can walk there, work there, live there. A wood of my own! Mine for ever."

"Yours, at all events, for ninety-nine years."

"Ninety-nine years?" I regret to say there was a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"My dear child! Do you expect to live longer?"

"I suppose I can't," she replied, and flushed a little. "I don't know."

"Ninety-nine seems long enough to most people. I have got this house, this very lawn you are standing on, on a lease of ninety-nine years. Yet I call them my own, and I think I am justified. Am I not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ninety-nine years is practically eternity. Isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It must be."

Ford possesses a most inflammatory note-book. Outside it is labelled "Private," inside it is headed "Practically a book." I saw him make an entry in it now, "Eternity: practically ninety-nine years."

Mr. Worters, as if speaking to himself, now observed: "My goodness! My goodness! How land has risen! Perfectly astounding."

I saw that he was in need of a Boswell, so I said: "Has it, indeed?"

"My dear Inskip. Guess what I could have got that wood for ten years ago! But I refused. Guess why."

We could not guess.

"Because the transaction would not have been straight." A most becoming blush spread over his face as he uttered the noble word. "Not straight. Straight legally. But not morally straight. We were to force the hands of the man who owned it. I refused. The others—decent fellows in their way—told me I was squeamish. I said, 'Yes. Perhaps I am. My name is plain Harcourt Worters—not a well-known name if you go outside the City and my own country, but a name which, where it is known, carries, I flatter myself, some weight. And I will not sign my name to this. That is all. Call me squeamish if you like. But I will not sign. It is just a fad of mine. Let us call it a fad.' " He blushed again. Ford believes that his

guardian blushes all over—that if you could strip him and make him talk nobly he would look like a boiled lobster. There's a picture of him in this condition in the note-book.

"So the man who owned it then didn't own it now?" said Miss Beaumont, who had followed the narrative with some interest.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Worters.

"Why no?" said Mrs. Worters absently, as she hunted in the grass for her knitting-needle. "Of course not. It belongs to the widow."

"Tea!" cried her son, springing vivaciously to his feet. "I see tea and I want it. Come, mother. Come along, Evelyn, I can tell you it's no joke, a hard day in the battle of life. For life is practically a battle. To all intents and purposes a battle. Except for a few lucky fellows who can read books, and so avoid the realities. But I——"

His voice died away as he escorted the two ladies over the smooth lawn and up the stone steps to the terrace, on which the footman was placing tables and little chairs and a silver kettle-stand. More ladies came out of the house. We could just hear their shouts of excitement as they also were told of the purchase of Other Kingdom.

I like Ford. The boy has the makings of a scholar and—though for some reason he objects to the word—of a gentleman. It amused me now to see his lip curl with the vague cynicism of youth. He cannot understand the footman and the solid silver kettle-stand. They make him cross. For he has dreams—not exactly spiritual dreams: Mr. Worters is the man for those; but dreams of the tangible and the actual: robust dreams, which take him, not to heaven, but to another earth. There are no footmen in this other earth, and the kettle-stands, I

suppose, will not be made of silver, and I know that everything is to be itself, and not practically something else. But what this means, and, if it means anything, what the good of it is, I am not prepared to say. For though I have just said "there is value in dreams," I only said it to silence old Mrs. Worters.

"Go ahead, man! We can't have tea till we've got through something."

He turned his chair away from the terrace, so that he could sit looking at the meadows and at the stream that runs through the meadows, and at the beech-trees of Other Kingdom that rise beyond the stream. Then, most gravely and admirably, he began to construe the Eclogues of Virgil.

## II.

Other Kingdom Copse is just like any other beech copse, and I am therefore spared the fatigue of describing it. And the stream in front of it, like many other streams, is not crossed by a bridge in the right place, and you must either walk round a mile or else you must paddle. Miss Beaumont suggested that we should paddle.

Mr. Worters accepted the suggestion tumultuously. It only became evident gradually that he was not going to adopt it.

"What fun! what fun! We will paddle to your kingdom. If only—if only it wasn't for the tea-things."

"But you can carry the tea-things on your back."

"Why, yes! so I can. Or the servants could!"

"Harcourt—no servants. This is my picnic, and my wood. I'm going to settle everything. I didn't tell you: I've got all the food. I've been in the village with Mr. Ford."

"In the village——?"

"Yes. We got biscuits and oranges and half a pound of tea. That's all you'll have. He carried them up.

And he'll carry them over the stream. I want you just to lend me some tea-things—not the best ones. I'll take care of them. That's all."

"Dear creature. . . ."

"Evelyn," said Mrs. Worters, "how much did you and Jack pay for that tea?"

"For the half-pound, tenpence."

Mrs. Worters received the announcement in gloomy silence.

"Mother!" cried Mr. Worters. "Why, I forgot! How could we go paddling with mother?"

"Oh, but, Mrs. Worters, we could carry you over."

"Thank you, dearest child. I am sure you could."

"Alas! alas! Evelyn. Mother is laughing at us. She would sooner die than be carried. And alas! there are my sisters, and Mrs. Osgood: she has a cold, tiresome woman. No: we shall have to go round by the bridge."

"But some of us——" began Ford. His guardian cut him short with a quick look.

So we went round—a procession of eight. Miss Beaumont led us. She was full of fun—at least so I thought at the time, but when I reviewed her speeches afterwards I could not find in them anything amusing. It was all this kind of thing: "Single file! Pretend you're in church and don't talk. Mr. Ford, turn out your toes. Harcourt—at the bridge throw to the Naiad a pinch of tea. She has a headache. She has had a headache for nineteen hundred years." All that she said was quite stupid. I cannot think why I liked it at the time.

As we approached the copse she said, "Mr. Inskip, sing, and we'll sing after you: Ah you silly ass gods live in woods." I cleared my throat and gave out the abominable phrase, and we all chanted it as if it were a litany. There was something attractive about Miss Beaumont. I was not surprised

that Harcourt had picked her out of "America" and had brought her home, without money, without connections, almost without antecedents, to be his bride. It was daring of him, but he knew himself to be a daring fellow. She brought him nothing; but that he could afford, he had so vast a surplus of spiritual and commercial goods. "In time," I heard him tell his mother, "in time Evelyn will repay me with interest." Meanwhile there was something attractive about her. If it was my place to like people I could have liked her very much.

"Stop singing!" she cried. We had entered the wood. "Welcome, all of you." We bowed. Ford, who had not been laughing, bowed down to the ground. "And now be seated. Mrs. Worters—will you sit there—against that tree with a green trunk? It will show up your beautiful dress."

"Very well, dear, I will," said Mrs. Worters.

"Anna—there. Mr. Inskip next to her. Then Ruth and Mrs. Osgood. Oh, Harcourt—do sit a little forward, so that you'll hide the house. I won't want to see the house at all."

"I won't!" laughed her lover, "I want my back against a tree too."

"Miss Beaumont," asked Ford, "where shall I sit?" He was standing at attention, like a soldier.

"Oh, look at all these Worters!" she cried, "and one little Ford in the middle of them!" For she was at that state of civilization which appreciates a pun.

"Shall I stand, Miss Beaumont? Shall I hide the house from you if I stand?"

"Sit down, Jack, you baby!" cried his guardian, breaking in with needless asperity. "Sit down!"

"He may just as well stand if he will," said she. "Just pull back your soft hat, Mr. Ford. Like a halo. Now you hide even the smoke from the

chimneys. And it makes you look beautiful."

"Evelyn! Evelyn! You are too hard on the boy. You'll tire him. He's one of those book-worms. He's not strong. Let him sit down."

"Aren't you strong?" she asked.

"I am strong!" he cried. It is quite true. Ford has no right to be strong, but he is. He never did his dumb-bells or played in his school fifteen. But the muscles came. He thinks they came while he was reading Pindar.

"Then you may just as well stand, if you will."

"Evelyn! Evelyn! childish, selfish maiden! If poor Jack gets tired I will take his place. Why don't you want to see the house? Eh?"

Mrs. Worters and the Miss Worters moved uneasily. They saw that their Harcourt was not quite pleased. Theirs not to question why. It was for Evelyn to remove his displeasure, and they glanced at her.

"Well, why don't you want to see your future home? I must say—though I practically planned the house myself—that it looks very well from here. I like the gables. Miss! Answer me!"

I felt for Miss Beaumont. A home-made gable is an awful thing, and Harcourt's mansion looked like a cottage with the dropsy. But what would she say?

She said nothing.

"Well?"

It was as if he had never spoken. She was as merry, as smiling, as pretty as ever, and she said nothing. She had not realized that a question requires an answer.

For us the situation was intolerable. I had to save it by making a tactful reference to the view, which, I said, reminded me a little of the country near Veil. It did not—indeed it could not, for I have never been near Veil. But it is part of my system to make

classical allusions. And at all events I saved the situation.

Miss Beaumont was serious and rational at once. She asked me the date of Veil. I made a suitable answer.

"I do like the classics," she informed us. "They are so natural. Just writing down things."

"Ye—es," said I. "But the classics have their poetry as well as their prose. They're more than a record of facts."

"Just writing down things," said Miss Beaumont, and smiled as if the silly definition pleased her.

Harcourt had recovered himself. "A very just criticism," said he. "It is what I always feel about the ancient world. It takes us but a very little way. It only writes things down."

"What do you mean?" asked Evelyn.

"I mean this—though it is presumptuous to speak in the presence of Mr. Inskip. This is what I mean. The classics are not everything. We owe them an enormous debt; I am the last to undervalue it; I, too, went through them at school. They are full of elegance and beauty. But they are not everything. They were written before men began to really feel." He colored crimson. "Hence, the chilliness of classical art—its lack of—a something. Whereas later things—Dante—a Madonna of Raphael—some bars of Mendelssohn—" His voice tailed reverently away. We sat with our eyes on the ground, not liking to look at Miss Beaumont. It is a fairly open secret that she also lacks a something. She has not yet developed her soul.

The silence was broken by the still small voice of Mrs. Worters saying, "Tee—ee—ee—ee!"

The young hostess sprang up. She would let none of us help her: it was her party. She undid the basket and emptied out the biscuits and oranges



from their bags, and boiled the kettle and poured out the tea, which was horrible. But we laughed and talked with the frivolity that suits the open air, and even Mrs. Worters expectorated her flies with a smile. Over us all there stood the silent, chivalrous figure of Ford, drinking tea carefully lest it should disturb his outline. His guardian, who is a wag, chaffed him and tickled his ankles and calves.

"Well, this is nice?" said Miss Beaumont. "I am happy."

"Your wood, Evelyn?" said the ladies.

"Her wood for ever!" cried Mr. Worters. "It is an unsatisfactory arrangement, a ninety-nine years' lease. There is no feeling of permanency. I reopened negotiations. I have bought her the wood for ever—all right, dear, all right: don't make a fuss."

"But I must!" she cried. "For everything's perfect! Every one so kind—and I didn't know most of you a year ago. Oh, it is so wonderful—and now a wood—a wood of my own—a wood for ever. All of you coming to tea with me here! Dear Harcourt—dear people—and just where the house would come and spoil things, there is Mr. Ford!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Worters, and slipped his hand up round the boy's ankle. What happened I do not know, but Ford collapsed on to the ground with a sharp cry. To an outsider it might have sounded like a cry of anger or pain. We, who knew better, laughed uproariously.

"Down he goes! Down he goes!" And they struggled playfully, kicking up the mould and the dry leaves.

"Don't hurt my wood!" cried Miss Beaumont.

Ford gave another sharp cry. Mr. Worters withdrew his hand. "Victory!" he exclaimed. "Evelyn! behold the family seat!" But Miss Beaumont in her butterfly fashion, had left

us, and was strolling away into her wood.

We packed up the tea-things and then split into groups. Ford went with the ladies. Mr. Worters did me the honor to stop by me.

"Well!" he said, in accordance with his usual formula, "and how go the classics?"

"Fairly well."

"Does Miss Beaumont show any ability?"

"I should say that she does. At all events she has enthusiasm."

"You do not think it is the enthusiasm of a child? I will be frank with you, Mr. Inskip. In many ways Miss Beaumont's practically a child. She has everything to learn: she acknowledges as much herself. Her new life is so different—so strange. Our habits—our thoughts—she has to be initiated into them all."

I saw what he was driving at, but I am not a fool, and I replied: "And how can she be initiated better than through the classics?"

"Exactly, exactly," said Mr. Worters. In the distance we heard her voice. She was counting the beech-trees. "The only question is—this Latin and Greek—what will she do with it? Can she make anything of it? Can she—well, it's not as if she will ever have to teach it to others."

"That is true." And my features might have been observed to become undecided.

"Whether, since she knows so little—I grant you she has enthusiasm. But ought one not to divert her enthusiasm—say to English literature? She scarcely knows her Tennyson at all. Last night in the conservatory I read her that wonderful scene between Arthur and Guinevere. Greek and Latin are all very well, but I sometimes feel we ought to begin at the beginning."

"You feel," said I, "that for Miss

Beaumont the classics are something of a luxury."

"A luxury. That is the exact word, Mr. Inskip. A luxury. A whim. It is all very well for Jack Ford. And here we come to another point. Surely she keeps Jack back? Her knowledge must be elementary."

"Well, her knowledge *is* elementary: and I must say that it's difficult to teach them together. Jack has read a good deal, one way and another, whereas Miss Beaumont, though diligent and enthusiastic——"

"So I have been feeling. The arrangement is scarcely fair on Jack?"

"Well, I must admit——"

"Quite so. I ought never to have suggested it. It must come to an end. Of course, Mr. Inskip, it shall make no difference to you, this withdrawal of a pupil."

"The lessons shall cease at once, Mr. Worters."

Here she came up to us. "Harcourt, there are seventy-eight trees. I have had such a count."

He smiled down at her. Let me remember to say that he is tall and handsome, with a strong chin and liquid brown eyes, and a high forehead and hair not at all gray. Few things are more striking than a photograph of Mr. Harcourt Worters.

"Seventy-eight trees?"

"Seventy-eight."

"Are you pleased?"

"Oh, Harcourt——!"

I began to pack up the tea-things. They both saw and heard me. It was their own fault if they did not go further.

"I'm looking forward to the bridge," said he. "A rustic bridge at the bottom, and then, perhaps, an asphalt path from the house over the meadow, so that in all weathers we can walk here dry-shod. The boys come into the wood—look at all these initials—and I thought of putting a simple

fence, to prevent any one but ourselves——"

"Harcourt!"

"A simple fence," he continued, "just like what I have put round my garden and the fields. Then at the other side of the copse, away from the house, I would put a gate, and have keys—two keys, I think—one for me and one for you—not more; and I would bring the asphalt path——"

"But Harcourt——"

"But Evelyn!"

"I—I—I——"

"You—you—you——?"

"I—I don't want an asphalt path."

"No? Perhaps you are right. Cinders perhaps. Yes. Or even gravel."

"But Harcourt—I don't want a path at all. I—I—can't afford a path."

He gave a roar of triumphant laughter. "Dearest! As if you were going to be bothered! The path's part of my present."

"The wood is your present," said Miss Beaumont. "Do you know—I don't care for the path. I'd rather always come as we came to-day. And I don't want a bridge. No—nor a fence either. I don't mind the boys and their initials. They and the girls have always come up to Other Kingdom and cut their names together in the bark. It's called the Fourth Time of Asking. I don't want it to stop."

"Ugh!" He pointed to a large heart transfixed by an arrow. "Ugh! Ugh!" I suspect that he was gaining time.

"They cut their names and go away, and when the first child is born they come again and deepen the cuts. So for each child. That's how you know: the initials that go right through to the wood are the fathers and mothers of large families, and the scratches in the bark that soon close up are boys and girls who were never married at all."

"You wonderful person! I've lived here all my life and never heard a

word of this. Fancy folk-lore in Hertfordshire! I must tell the Archdeacon: he will be delighted—"

"And Harcourt, I don't want this to stop."

"My dear girl, the villagers will find other trees! There's nothing particular in Other Kingdom."

"But—"

"Other Kingdom shall be for us. You and I alone. Our initials only." His voice sank to a whisper.

"I don't want it fenced in." Her face was turned to me; I saw that it was puzzled and frightened. "I hate fences. And bridges. And all paths. It is my wood. Please: you gave me the wood."

"Why, yes!" he replied, soothing her. But I could see that he was angry. "Of course. But ah! Evelyn, the meadow's mine; I have a right to fence there—between my domain and yours!"

"Oh, fence me out if you like! Fence me out as much as you like! But never in. Oh, Harcourt, never in. I must be on the outside, I must be where any one can reach me. Year by year—while the initials deepen—the only thing worth feeling—and at last they close up—but one has felt them."

"Our initials!" he murmured, seizing upon the one word which he had understood and which was useful to him. "Let us carve our initials now. You and I—a heart if you like it, and an arrow and everything. H. W.—E. B."

"H. W.," she repeated, "and E. B."

He took out his penknife and drew her away in search of an unsullied tree. "E. B., Eternal Blessing. Mine! Mine! My haven from the world! My temple of purity. Oh, the spiritual exaltation—you cannot understand it, but you will! Oh, the seclusion of Paradise. Year after year alone together, all in all to each other—year

after year, soul to soul, E. B., Everlasting Bliss!"

He stretched out his hand to cut the initials. As he did so she seemed to awake from a dream. "Harcourt!" she cried, "Harcourt! What's that? What's that red stuff on your finger and thumb?"

### III.

Oh, my goodness! Oh, all ye goddesses and gods! Here's a mess. Mr. Worters has been reading Ford's inflammatory note-book.

"It is my own fault," said Ford. "I should have labelled it 'Practically Private.' How could he know he was not meant to look inside?"

I spoke out severely, as an *employé* should. "My dear boy, none of that. The label came unstuck. That was why Mr. Worters opened the book. He never suspected it was private. See—the label's off."

"Scratched off," Ford retorted grimly, and glanced at his calf.

I affected not to understand. "The point is this. Mr. Worters is thinking the matter over for four-and-twenty hours. If you take my advice you will apologize before that time elapses."

"And if I don't?"

"You know your own affairs of course. But don't forget that you are young and practically ignorant of life, and that you have scarcely any money of your own. As far as I can see, your career practically depends on the favor of Mr. Worters. You have laughed at him. He does not like being laughed at. It seems to me that your course is obvious."

"Apology?"

"Complete."

"And if I don't?"

"Departure."

He sat down on the stone steps and rested his head on his knees. On the lawn below us was Miss Beaumont, dragging about with some croquet

balls. Her lover was out in the meadow, superintending the course of the asphalt path. For the path is to be made, and so is the bridge, and the fence is to be built round Other Kingdom after all. In time Miss Beaumont saw how unreasonable were her objections. Of her own accord, one evening in the drawing-room, she gave her Harcourt permission to do what he liked. "That wood looks nearer," said Ford.

"The inside fences have gone: that brings it nearer. But my dear boy—you must settle what you're going to do."

"How much has he read?"

"Naturally he only opened the book. From what you showed me of it, one glance would be enough."

"Did he open at the poems?"

"Poems?"

"Did he speak of the poems?"

"No. Were they about him?"

"They were not about him."

"Then it wouldn't matter if he saw them."

"It is sometimes a compliment to be mentioned," said Ford, looking up at me. The remark had a stinging fragrance about it—such a fragrance as clings to the mouth after admirable wine. It did not taste like the remark of a boy. I was sorry that my pupil was likely to wreck his career; and I told him again that he had better apologize.

"I won't speak of Mr. Worters' claim for an apology. That's an aspect on which I prefer not to touch. The point is if you don't apologize, you go—where?"

"To an aunt at Peckham."

I pointed to the pleasant, comfortable landscape, full of cows and carriage-horses out at grass, and civil retainers. In the midst of it stood Mr. Worters, radiating energy and wealth, like a terrestrial sun. "My dear Ford—don't be heroic! Apologize."

Unfortunately I raised my voice a little, and Miss Beaumont heard me, down on the lawn.

"Apologize?" she cried. "What about?" And as she was not interested in the game, she came up the steps towards us, tralling her croquet mallet behind her. Her walk was rather listless. She was toning down at last.

"Come indoors!" I whispered. "We must get out of this."

"Not a bit of it!" said Ford.

"What is it?" she asked, standing beside him on the step.

He swallowed something as he looked up at her. Suddenly I understood. I knew the nature and the subject of his poems. I was not so sure now that he had better apologize. The sooner he was kicked out of the place the better.

In spite of my remonstrances, he told her about the book, and her first remark was: "Oh, do let me see it!" She had no "proper feeling" of any kind. Then she said: "But why do you both look so sad?"

"We are awaiting Mr. Worters' decision," said I.

"Mr. Inskip! What nonsense! Do you suppose Harcourt'll be angry?"

"Of course he is angry, and rightly so."

"But why?"

"Ford has laughed at him."

"But what's that!" And for the first time there was anger in her voice. "Do you mean to say he'll punish some one who laughs at him? Why, for what else—for whatever reason are we all here? Not to laugh at each other! I laugh at people all day. At Mr. Ford. At you. And so does Harcourt. Oh, you've misjudged him! He won't—he couldn't be angry with people who laughed."

"Mine is not nice laughter," said Ford. "He could not well forgive me."

"You're a silly boy." She sneered at him. "You don't know Harcourt. So generous in every way. Why he'd be as furious as I should be, if you apologized. Mr. Inskip, isn't that so?"

"He has every right to an apology, I think."

"Right? What's a right? You use too many new words. 'Rights'—'apologies'—'society'—'position'—I don't follow it. What are we all here for, anyhow?"

Her discourse was full of trembling lights and shadows—frivolous one moment, the next moment asking why Humanity is here. I did not take the Moral Science Tripos, so I could not tell her.

"One thing I know—and that is that Harcourt isn't as stupid as you two. He soars above conventions. He doesn't care about 'rights' and 'apologies.' He knows that all laughter is nice, and that the other nice things are money and the soul and so on."

The soul and so on! I wonder that Harcourt out in the meadows did not have an apoplectic fit.

"Why, what a poor business your life would be," she continued, "if you all kept taking offence and apologizing! Forty million people in England and all of them touchy! How one would laugh if it was true! Just imagine!" And she did laugh. "Look at Harcourt though. He knows better. He isn't petty like that. Mr. Ford! He isn't petty like that. Why, what's wrong with your eyes?"

He rested his head on his knees again, and we could see his eyes no longer. In dispassionate tones she informed me that she thought he was crying. Then she tapped him on the hair with her mallet and said: "Cry-baby! Cry-cry-baby! Crying about nothing!" and ran laughing down the steps. "All right!" she shouted from the lawn. "Tell the cry-baby to stop. I'm going to speak to Harcourt!"

We watched her go in silence. Ford had scarcely been crying. His eyes had only become large and angry. He used such swear-words as he knew, and then got up abruptly, and went into the house. I think he could not bear to see her disillusioned. I had no such tenderness, and it was with considerable interest that I watched Miss Beaumont approach her lord.

She walked confidently across the meadow, bowing to the workmen as they raised their hats. Her languor had passed, and with it her suggestion of "tone." She was the same crude, unsophisticated person that Harcourt had picked out of America—beautiful and ludicrous in the extreme, and—if you go in for pathos—extremely pathetic.

I saw them meet, and soon she was hanging on his arm. The motion of his hand explained to her the construction of bridges. Twice she interrupted him: he had to explain everything again. Then she got in her word, and what followed was a good deal better than a play. Their two little figures parted and met and parted again, she gesticulating, he most pompous and calm. She pleaded, she argued and—if satire can carry half a mile—she tried to be satirical. To enforce one of her childish points she made two steps back. Splash! She was floundering in the little stream.

That was the *dénouement* of the comedy. Harcourt rescued her, while the workmen crowded round in an agitated chorus. She was wet quite as far as her knees, and muddy over her ankles. In this state she was conducted towards me, and in time I began to hear words; "Influenza—a slight immersion—clothes are of no consequence beside health—pray, dearest, don't worry—yes, it must have been a shock—bed! bed! I insist on bed! Promise? Good girl. Up the steps to bed then."

They parted on the lawn, and she came obediently up the steps. Her face was full of terror and bewilderment.

"So you've had a wetting, Miss Beaumont!"

"Wetting? Oh, yes. But, Mr. Inskip—I don't understand: I've failed." I expressed surprise.

"Mr. Ford is to go—at once. I've failed."

"I'm sorry."

"I've failed with Harcourt. He's offended. He won't laugh. He won't let me do what I want. Latin and Greek began it: I wanted to know about gods and heroes and he wouldn't let me; then I wanted no fence round Other Kingdom and no bridge and no path—and look! Now I ask that Mr. Ford, who has done nothing, sha'n't be punished for it—and he is to go away for ever."

"Impertinence is not 'nothing,' Miss Beaumont." For I must keep in with Harcourt.

"Impertinence is nothing!" she cried. "It doesn't exist. It's a sham, like 'claims' and 'position' and 'rights.' It's part of the great dream."

"What 'great dream'?" I asked, trying not to smile.

"Tell Mr. Ford—here comes Harcourt; I must go to bed. Give my love to Mr. Ford, and tell him 'to guess.' I shall never see him again, and I won't stand it. Tell him to guess. I am sorry I called him a cry-baby. He was not crying like a baby. He was crying like a grown-up person, and I too have grown up now."

I judged it right to repeat this conversation to my employer.

#### IV.

The bridge is built, the fence finished, and Other Kingdom lies tethered by a ribbon of asphalt to our front door. The seventy-eight trees therein certainly seem nearer, and

during the windy nights that followed Ford's departure we could hear their branches sighing, and would find in the morning that beech-leaves had been blown right up against the house. Miss Beaumont made no attempt to go out, much to the relief of the ladies, for Harcourt had given the word that she was not to go out unattended, and the boisterous weather deranged their petticoats. She remained indoors neither reading nor laughing, and dressing no longer in green, but in brown.

Not noticing her presence, Mr. Worters looked in one day and said with a sigh of relief: "That's all right. The circle's completed."

"Is it indeed?" she replied.

"You there, you quiet little mouse? I only meant that our lords, the British workmen, have at last condescended to complete their labors, and have rounded us off from the world. I—in the end I was a naughty, domineering tyrant, and disobeyed you. I didn't have the gate out at the further side of the copse. Will you forgive me?"

"Anything, Harcourt, that pleases you, is certain to please me."

The ladies smiled at each other, and Mr. Worters said: "That's right, and as soon as the wind goes down we'll all process together to your wood, and take possession of it formally, for it didn't really count that last time."

"No, it didn't really count that last time," Miss Beaumont echoed.

"Evelyn says this wind never will go down," remarked Mrs. Worters. "I don't know how she knows."

"It will never go down, as long as I am in the house."

"Really?" he said gaily. "Then come out now, and send it down with me."

They took a few turns up and down the terrace. The wind lulled for the moment, but blew fiercer than ever



during lunch. As we ate, it roared and whistled down the chimney at us, and the trees of Other Kingdom frothed like the sea. Leaves and twigs flew from them, and a bough, a good-sized bough, was blown on to the smooth asphalt path, and actually switch-backed over the bridge, up the meadow, and across our very lawn. (I venture to say "our," as I am now staying on as Harcourt's private secretary.) Only the stone steps prevented it from reaching the terrace and perhaps breaking the dining-room window. Miss Beaumont sprang up and, napkin in hand, ran out and touched it.

"Oh, Evelyn—" the ladies cried.

"Let her go," said Mr. Worters tolerantly. "It certainly is a remarkable incident, remarkable. We must remember to tell the Archdeacon about it."

"Harcourt," she cried, with the first hint of returning color in her cheeks, "mightn't we go up to the copse after lunch, you and I?"

Mr. Worters considered.

"Of course, not if you don't think best."

"Inskip, what's your opinion?"

I saw what his own was, and cried, "Oh, let's go!" though I detest the wind as much as any one.

"Very well. Mother, Anna, Ruth, Mrs. Osgood—we'll all go."

And go we did, a lugubrious procession; but the gods were good to us for once, for as soon as we were started, the tempest dropped, and there ensued an extraordinary calm. After all, Miss Beaumont was something of a weather prophet. Her spirits improved every minute. She tripped in front of us along the asphalt path, and ever and anon turned round to say to her lover some gracious or alluring thing. I admired her for it. I admire people who know on which side their bread's buttered.

"Evelyn, come here!"

"Come here yourself."

"Give me a kiss."

"Come and take it then."

He ran after her, and she ran away, while all our party laughed melodiously.

"Oh, I am so happy!" she cried. "I think I've everything I want in all the world. Oh dear, those last few days indoors! But oh, I am so happy now!" She had changed her brown dress for the old flowing green one, and she began to do her skirt dance in the open meadow, lit by sudden gleams of the sunshine. It was really a beautiful sight, and Mr. Worters did not correct her, glad perhaps that she should recover her spirits, even if she lost her tone. Her feet scarcely moved, but her body so swayed and her dress spread so gloriously around her, that we were transported with joy. She danced to the song of a bird that sang passionately in Other Kingdom, and the river held back its waves to watch her (one might have supposed), and the winds lay spell-bound in their cavern, and the great clouds spell-bound in the sky. She danced away from our society and our life, back, back through the centuries till houses and fences fell and the earth lay wild to the sun. Her garment was as foliage upon her, the strength of her limbs as boughs, her throat the smooth upper branch that salutes the morning or glistens to the rain. Leaves move, leaves hide it as hers was hidden by the motion of her hair. Leaves move again and it is ours, as her throat was ours again when, parting the tangle, she faced us crying, "Oh!" crying, "Oh Harcourt! I never was so happy. I have all that there is in the world."

But he, entrammelled in love's ecstasy, forgetting certain Madonnas of Raphael, forgetting, I fancy, his soul,

sprang to inarm her with, "Evelyn! Eternal Bliss! Mine to eternity! Mine!" and she sprang away. Music was added and she sang, "Oh Ford! oh Ford, among all these Worters, I am coming through you to my Kingdom. Oh Ford, my lover while I was a woman, I will never forget you, never, as long as I have branches to shade you from the sun," and, singing, crossed the stream.

Why he followed her so passionately, I do not know. It was play, she was in his own domain which a fence surrounds, and she could not possibly escape him. But he dashed round by the bridge as if all their love was at stake, and pursued her with fierceness up the hill. She ran well, but the end was a foregone conclusion, and we only speculated whether he would catch her outside or inside the copse. "I think inside," said old Mrs. Worters, who had been but little moved by the whole proceeding. "No—outside; no—inside: well in any case I consider Evelyn a queer girl." He gained on her inch by inch; now they were in the shadow of the trees; he had grasped her, he had missed; she had disappeared into the trees themselves, he following.

"Harcourt is in high spirits," said Mrs. Osgood, Anna, and Ruth.

"Evelyn!" we heard him shouting within.

We proceeded up the asphalt path.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!"

"He's not caught her yet, evidently."

"Where are you, Evelyn?"

"Miss Beaumont must have hidden herself rather cleverly."

"Look here," cried Harcourt, emerging, "have you seen Evelyn?"

"Oh, no, she's certainly inside."

"So I thought."

"Evelyn must be dodging round one of the trunks. You go this way, I that. We'll soon find her."

We searched, gaily at first, and al-

ways with the feeling that Miss Beaumont was close by, that the delicate limbs were just behind this bole, the hair and the drapery quivering among those leaves. She was beside us, above us; here was her footstep on the purple-brown earth—her bosom, her neck—she was everywhere and nowhere. Gaiety turned to irritation, irritation, to anger and fear. Miss Beaumont was apparently lost. "Evelyn! Evelyn!" we continued to cry. "Oh, really, it is beyond a joke. It's nearly tea-time."

Then the wind arose, the more violent for its lull, and we were driven into the house by a terrific storm. We said, "At all events she will come back now." But she did not come, and the rain hissed and rose up from the dry meadows like incense smoke, and smote the quivering leaves to applause. Then it lightened. Ladies screamed, and we saw Other Kingdom as one who claps the hands, and heard it as one who roars with laughter in the thunder. Not even the Archdeacon can remember such a storm. All Harcourt's seedlings were ruined, and the tiles flew off his gables right and left. He came to me presently with a white, drawn face, saying: "Inskip, can I trust you?"

"You can, indeed."

"I have thought of it; she has eloped with Ford."

"But how—" I gasped.

"The carriage is ready—we'll talk as we drive." Then, against the rain he shouted: "No gate in the fence, I know, but what about a ladder? While I blunder, she's over the fence, and he—"

"But you were so close. There was not the time."

"There is time for anything," he said venomously, "where a treacherous woman is concerned. I found her no better than a savage, I trained her, I educated her. But I'll break them

both. I can do that; I'll break them soul and body."

No one can break Ford now. The task is impossible. But I trembled for Miss Beaumont.

We missed the train. Young couples had gone by it, several young couples, and we heard of more young couples in London, as if all the world was mocking Harcourt's solitude. In desperation we sought the squalid suburb that is now Ford's home. We swept past the dirty maid and the terrified aunt, swept upstairs, to catch him if we could red-handed. He was seated at the table, reading the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles.

"That won't take in me!" shouted Harcourt. "You've got Miss Beaumont with you, and I know it."

"No such luck," said Ford.

He stammered with rage. "Inskip--you hear that? 'No such luck'! Quote the *The English Review*.

evidence against him. I can't speak."

So I quoted her song. "Oh Ford! Oh Ford, among all these Worters, I am coming through you to my Kingdom! Oh Ford, my lover while I was a woman, I will never forget you, never, as long as I have branches to shade you from the sun." Soon after that, we lost her."

"And--and on another occasion she sent a message of similar effect. Inskip, bear witness. He was to 'guess' something."

"I have guessed it," said Ford.

"So you practically--"

"Oh, no, Mr. Worters, you mistake me. I have not practically guessed; I have guessed. I could tell you if I chose, but it would be no good, for she has not practically escaped you. She has escaped you absolutely, for ever and ever, as long as there are branches to shade men from the sun."

E. M. Forster.

## PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.

By the death of Prof. Simon Newcomb science has sustained one of the most severe blows of recent years. America has lost her most eminent man of science, and not since the death of Adams has the world been deprived of so illustrious an investigator in theoretical astronomy. Newcomb's career up to 1899 was described by Loewy in the article on "Scientific Worthies" in *Nature*, vol. ix., p. 1, and his activity and marvellous powers of work continued up to the date of the illness that has just terminated fatally. Since 1899 he has given us his interesting book entitled "The Reminiscences of an Astronomer" (1903), in which he described the early incidents of his life and related the extraordinary circumstances by which his steps were guided into the career which led him to such eminence.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XLIV. 2320.

Newcomb commenced his reminiscences with the words:—"I date my birth into the world of sweetness and light on one frosty morning in January, 1837, when I took my seat between two well-known mathematicians (Winlock and Runkle) before a blazing fire in the office of the 'Nautical Almanac' at Cambridge, Mass."

Though born at Wallace, in Nova Scotia, March 12, 1835, Simon Newcomb was of almost pure New England descent. His father was, he tells us, the most rational and the most dispassionate of men, who, when he had reached the age of twenty-five, set forth to search for a wife who possessed the qualities most suitable in a helpmeet. His search had extended nearly a hundred miles before, in the village of Moncton, he found in Emily Prince what he desired, and his son

says the marriage was "in all respects a happy one, so far as congeniality of nature and mutual regard could go."

... "My mother was the most profoundly and sincerely religious woman with whom I was ever intimately acquainted, and my father always entertained and expressed the highest admiration for her mental gifts, to which he attributed whatever talents his children might have possessed. The unfitness of her environment to her constitution is the saddest memory of my childhood. More I do not trust myself to say to the public, nor will the reader expect more of me."

How Newcomb's early years were passed may perhaps be conjectured from the fact that the auto-biographical chapter in which he records them bears the title of "The World of Cold and Darkness." He had, however, from his earliest years a keen desire for knowledge, and read whatever books were available. His first introduction to the intellectual career he desired was not promising. In those days there was a so-called physician, Dr. Foshay, living near Moncton, who was reputed to have effected cures of sick persons given up by other doctors. As Newcomb says, "Diomedes of the medical profession before whose shafts all forms of disease had to fall were then very generally supposed to be realities." By the intervention of an aunt, young Newcomb agreed to live with the doctor, rendering him all assistance in preparing medicines, while the doctor, on his part, undertook to supply Newcomb's bodily needs and teach him "the botanic system of medicine." After a little experience it began to dawn upon Newcomb that Dr. Foshay, notwithstanding his boasted medical skill, was no more than an ignorant pretender, and that the time of his assistant would be utterly wasted instead of being, as he expected, expended on studying bot-

any and scientific medicine. So on September 13, 1853, Newcomb determined to run away after leaving a letter for the doctor, in which he explained that, as the doctor had shown no indication of fulfilling his promises, his assistant felt that the arrangement was annulled. Newcomb was on the road before day-break, and walked until late at night, ever fearing pursuit from the doctor. It appears that the doctor did actually attempt a pursuit, but, by good fortune, Newcomb eluded recapture, and at last reached a house where he was hospitably entertained. "Thus ended," he says, "a day which I have always looked back to as the most memorable in my life."

After a week of hardship, which Newcomb says he will not harrow the feelings of the reader by describing, he arrived at Calais, where he found a boat bound for Salem. The little money that he had in his pocket was less than the price of the passage, but he undertook to supplement the deficiency by working his way. A few months later we find him engaged as a teacher in a school at a place called Massey's Cross Roads, in Kent County, and devoting every spare hour to reading whatever mathematical books he could obtain. His first appearance as an author was in refutation of a Mr. Eveleth, who doubted the Copernican system, and Newcomb published in the *National Intelligencer* an exposition of the fallacies in the paradoxer's essay. In 1856 he was teaching in the family of a planter, near Washington, and on a visit to the library of the Smithsonian Institution he was delighted to see among the mathematical books the greatest treasure that his imagination had ever pictured, a work that he had thought of almost as belonging to fairyland—Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*." Shortly afterwards he summoned up enough cour-

age to seek for an interview with Prof. Henry, who suggested that he should look for some position in the Coast Survey, and his reception by Mr. Hilgard was such that Newcomb writes:—"I found from my first interview with him that the denizens of the world of light were up to the most sanguine conceptions I ever could have formed." Mr. Hilgard introduced him to Prof. Winlock, of Cambridge, Mass., and thus in 1857 he entered "the world of sweetness and light" by becoming one of the computers in "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac."

From this time the progress of Newcomb to the height of astronomical fame was unchecked. Dr. Gould, the well-known astronomer, wrote to tell him that there was a vacancy in the Corps of Professors of Mathematics attached to the Naval Observatory at Washington, and suggested that he might like the post. Newcomb at first was disinclined to consider the proposition. Cambridge seemed to him the focus of the science and learning of his country. He also rather shrank from what he called the drudgery of night work in the observatory, for he considered that it would interfere with the mathematical investigations in which he was specially interested; but he finally decided to apply, and a month later, September, 1861, was much gratified in receiving the appointment duly signed by Abraham Lincoln. Newcomb accordingly settled in Washington, where he married, in 1863, Mary Caroline, daughter of Dr. C. A. Hassler, U. S. Navy, and three daughters were the issue of the marriage.

In the winter of 1870 Mr. Cyrus Field, of Atlantic cable fame, had a small dinner-party at the Arlington Hotel, Washington. A young son of Mr. Field's was present, who had spent the day in seeing the sights of Washington. The youth described his visit to the observatory, and expressed

his surprise in not finding any large telescope. The guests were at first incredulous, but, finding that the statement was true, a senator who was present declared that this must be rectified, and in due course Alvan Clark and Sons were entrusted with the manufacture of a great objective of 26-inches aperture.

Newcomb was specially interested in this enterprise, because, as he says, "the work of reconstructing the tables of the planets, which I had long before mapped out as the greatest one in which I should engage, required as exact a knowledge as could be obtained of the masses of all the planets. In the case of Uranus and Neptune, the two other planets, this knowledge could best be obtained by observations on their satellites. To the latter my attention was therefore directed." In 1875 the instrument was given over to Prof. Asaph Hall, and of course it has become forever famous as the means by which Hall made his beautiful discovery of the two satellites of Mars.

In Newcomb's "Reminiscences" we find, in a chapter on "The Author's Scientific Work," a most interesting sketch of the great problems to the solution of which his life's work was devoted. It appears that the first important investigation on which he entered in his early years at Cambridge, Mass., related to the orbits of the asteroids. This particular investigation discussed the theory that these bodies originated as fragments of a large planet broken up by some cataclysm. It involved an extended examination of the secular perturbations of the orbits of the asteroids to determine whether at any epoch even hundreds of thousands of years ago all the orbits passed through one point, though by the influence of perturbations they have now ceased to do so. The investigation seems to show that no such

cataclysm as that looked for ever occurred, and that each of the asteroids has been a separate body since the solar system came into existence.

Another problem which shows the lines of thought habitually present to Newcomb may be thus stated. Do the mutual attractions of the sun, planets, and satellites completely explain all the motions in the solar system? or, as he expressed it, "Does any world move otherwise than as it is attracted by other worlds?" This opens up two great researches: first, in bringing the labors of astronomers together so as to determine with the utmost accuracy the actual movements of the heavenly bodies, and, second, in securing all attainable perfection in the mathematical methods employed in their examination. A very important branch of this inquiry is presented by the movements of the moon. Such an investigation as Newcomb sketched out had a stimulating effect on the discussion of old and valuable observations of the positions of the moon deduced from ancient eclipses, and much of Newcomb's best work was done in connection with the lunar theory.

In 1875 Newcomb was offered the position in Harvard University which is now filled with such distinction by Prof. Pickering, but he declined this offer after careful consideration. On September 15, 1877, he was appointed editor of "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac." He tells us that "the change was one of the happiest of my life. I was now in a position of recognized responsibility where my recommendations met with the respect due to that responsibility, where I could make plans with the assurance of being able to carry them out." He approached the duties of this office in the loftiest spirit, and devoted his energies to the task of improving the fundamental constants employed. With this object in view, ex-

tensive investigations in various parts of dynamical astronomy had to be undertaken. His efforts were unremitting to improve at every point the processes of calculation, as well as the materials on which the calculations were based. Among the greatest of Newcomb's labors, measured by their value to science, are, undoubtedly, those done in connection with this office. Astronomers all over the world recognize "The Astronomical Papers of the American Ephemeris" brought out under Newcomb's guidance as works of classical value. In this great task he had the good fortune to obtain the assistance of many eminent men, among whom was Mr. George W. Hill, who, in Newcomb's generous words, "will easily rank as the greatest master of mathematical astronomy during the last quarter of the nineteenth century." Newcomb's important "Compendium of Spherical Astronomy," published in 1906, should also be mentioned in connection with the "Astronomical Papers." After his term of service in the office of the American Ephemeris had expired in 1883 by the age-limit, Newcomb became professor of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and this post he held until 1893.

As in the case of other men who have risen to a foremost position in science, Newcomb was wonderfully versatile. He was, as we have seen, a leader among mathematical astronomers, he did good work on various occasions in practical observation, and that he was a skilful experimenter when occasion required is shown by his beautiful investigations of the velocity of light; but Newcomb also wrote a number of books intended more for the general public than for technical astronomers. His "Popular Astronomy" is universally recognized as an admirable work full of lofty thought



and luminous suggestion. It is remarkable for its literary grace no less than for its scientific accuracy, and those who had the privilege of enjoying Prof. Newcomb's friendship will recognize throughout "Popular Astronomy" indications of that quaint humor which was so characteristic of the author. He wrote many other books; he was recognized as an authority on economics and life assurance, and he even wrote a novel, though I do not know whether this particular venture was sufficiently successful to encourage a repetition of the experiment. All the honors which his own country or other countries could bestow on a man of science were liberally showered on him with universal approval.

It need hardly be said that for a self-taught man to become one of the most consummate mathematicians of his day, and one of the great leaders of science, not only great abilities, but indomitable industry were necessary. Newcomb was an indefatigable worker. From morning until night he

*Nature.*

was at his desk, and yet such was the kindness of the man that when a demand on his time and friendship was made by a brother astronomer or mathematician, his books were laid aside, and he would devote himself assiduously to a day of gracious offices for his visitor. Newcomb had a serious illness about fifteen years ago, but he made a remarkable recovery, and until the last few months he was still hard at work. He died after a long illness on July 11, 1909.

Thus passes from the world the most conspicuous figure among the brilliant band of contemporary American astronomers. His inspiring example will long be treasured by those who were acquainted with his work. His habitual loftiness of thought, nobility of character, dignified courtesy, and ever-ready helpfulness endeared him to his many friends on both sides of the Atlantic. His private acts of quiet kindness and goodness of heart will be affectionately cherished by those fortunate persons to whom they are known.

*Robert S. Ball.*

## VANISHING NAVIES.

The return of the British Fleet to its ancient quarters in the Thames has given the greatest city multitude the world has ever known the kind of pageant which it most enjoys. Keen as was the pleasure, the intellectual directors of our nation have contributed little enough to the more refined and reflective aspects of it. We, who almost bar out English history from our schools and universities, and when we teach its literature present the tongue that Shakespeare spoke as a puzzle in Anglo-Saxon philology, cannot complain if the mass of the people who went to see the fleet took their main view of its story and development from the street hawkers. Not a

great number, we suspect, could recall the name of Blake; not many school-boys of the upper and middle classes, fully instructed on the tactics of Themistocles at Salamis, could describe those of Nelson at Aboukir. For a people so self-centred, so full of the pride of achievement as our own, we are singularly lacking in the historic sense. This is the reason why, when the Englishman's past is recalled to him through some striking symbol of his present power, he misses the thrill that comes from the knowledge of who sowed the seed and how the flower was raised. To-day that thrill is especially hard to capture. Nothing, or very little, of our famous sea his-

tory belongs to the period of the modern navy. None of these great shooting platforms, practically devoid of masts or sails, divided into self-contained steel castles, and worked, not by sailors so much as by engineers and skilled mechanics, almost blindly obeying the call of the "fire-control" from above, have ever figured in a great naval fight. They are the children of modern science, of engineering and mathematics, of carefully thought out theories of warfare which leave little initiative to the fighting chieftains. Every British war-ship within two thousand miles of London, says Mr. Arnold White, is hung by invisible threads on to its strategic master in Whitehall, and in time of war would come and go, fight or fly, in obedience to the war-director's commands, much as if they were pieces on a chessboard. But all these conditions are untried, and their working can only be dimly guessed. The wooden hulks, whose still beautiful shapes adorn the mouths and lower reaches of our English rivers recall all the substantial glories of the British Navy—glories sustained, not merely in years, but in centuries of warfare. Yet a single modern second-class cruiser could sink every ship that fought at Trafalgar.

And what will happen twenty or thirty years hence to the fleet that occupies forty miles of Thames water? Will it ever see a naval war? Will there ever be a naval war as we imagine it? The development is already rapid beyond all previous experience. There is less difference between the ships that hung on the skirts of the Armada and those which fought at Navarino than between the ironclads which bombarded Alexandria and the new Temeraire. Already the critics of the fleet talk of the "Dreadnought" as a "back number." What will be its successor? Mr. Wells's airships? Or some shapeless mass of floating iron

pouring out, not 850 lb. shells, but explosives powerful enough to destroy a "Dreadnought" or a dozen "Dreadnoughts" with one impact? Already one type of ship succeeds another so rapidly that the "tail" of a big fleet of war-vessels like our own is always being cut off because the head has outgrown it and destroyed or greatly qualified its usefulness. From "Majestics" to "King Edwards," from "King Edwards" to "Dreadnoughts," from "Dreadnoughts" to "Super-Dreadnoughts"—each new step has been taken more quickly than its predecessor, until the eye of the naval sensationist is now fixed not so much on something fresh in ships as on the possibilities of an engine of death and destruction, able to make all ships obsolete, and to involve attackers and defenders, experts, admirals, and mere common lives in universal ruin. Thus, in the very hour of seeming stability and overpowering mechanical force, the increasing volatility and subtlety of the mind of man create an atmosphere of complete uncertainty. Who can talk confidently of the balance of power when it may be possible for a clever chemist to alter it decisively in the interest of this Power or that, even to destroy or largely to modify the distinction between Powers that can defend themselves and those that rely more or less on the good graces or the written covenants of their neighbors? What may be the result of the next daring "bore" into the innermost depths of Nature's secrets? So, like an unsubstantial pageant faded, the solid marvels of the Thames may pass away within the vision of a single generation, as the eye of faith presumes even greater wonders to pass before the unchanging gaze of the Eternal.

An outlook like this clearly confuses merely material calculations, and brings us back almost by necessity to

the rule of spiritual and intellectual forces. In a world of rapidly shifting physical values, the only safe national ground is the average individual's reliance on character as his last and surest refuge against the assaults of fortune and circumstance. Whatever happens to British ships, British men and women will remain. If science should be so fortunate as to light upon the means to ensure an enormous release of human effort for human ends, they will not only be relieved of an immense strain on their physical resources, but will be enriched by a hitherto undreamt of capacity to *advance* civilization, instead of keeping it merely in being, with a constant tendency to relapse. Probably what attracts most men to admire war-ships and sailors is the thought and the actual vision, which thousands of us have realized of late, of the high degree of skill, training, physical well-being, and cheerful acceptance of great dangers, which a well-conducted naval service involves. The soldier is also popular; but he does not embody the idea of adaptability, of nimble, all-round capacity and practical sense, which we identify with the "handy man." It is consoling to think of this power of creating fine character even out of unpromising material. But the process gets more costly and less remunerative every year. Methods and machinery are changed every few weeks, till the national scrap-heap mounts heaven-high.

Equally wasteful is the dealing with  
The Nation.

the human element. Some of it is demoralized or thrown away in peace, and much of the rest the nation is bound to devote to death and oblivion in war. In civil life, on the other hand, the net gain is far greater, the waste much less serious. The aims, moral in themselves, stimulate all the good qualities excited by war, where the aims are immoral. Civil life on dry land makes almost as much demand on physical courage as life on a war-ship, and the merchant service and the fishing industry exact a greater toll of their workers than the Navy, whose normal functions are mainly peaceful. Horse-keepers, engine-drivers and guards, miners, chauffeurs, all pursue more or less dangerous lives, and usually meet accidents and sudden perils with calm. Men will die in stopping a runaway horse, or in rescuing a brother-worker from fire-damp, or in sucking poison from a diphtheritic throat, from a truer voluntary impulse than drives them to die on a battle-ground or be roasted in a gun-turret on a "Dreadnought." In support of the first kind of action society has the immense advantage that all the force of its accepted religions and pieties freely rallies to it and applauds it, and is joined by the instinctive voice within. Whereas, in support of the latter only man's sophisticated conscience can yield full approval, while a state of strife is set up between his ideals and his passions, which depraves the one and gives a furious and uncontrolled power to the other.

---

## COUNTRY DANCING.

There is a prevalent opinion that English country people are not dancers. It is assumed, because we hear nothing in country places of national figure- and step-dancing that love for

this national pastime has left the people. There is a disposition to class together folk-dancing and folk-singing,—that is to say, the folk products of other countries are cultivated with

enthusiasm, while the existence of native art at home is ignored or denied outright; indeed, it might be supposed that the English peasant was more devoid of the smallest artistic sense than are his fellows in any other country of the world, except savages.

In reality the true English countryman is a cheerful person, however difficult it may be for the unsympathetic or the severely critical to find out in which direction he likes to take his diversion. A great many highly educated people have not yet learned that it is possible to be very well amused while you are sitting still and doing nothing obvious. It is not their way of enjoyment, and they refuse to believe that any one else can be happy in the circumstances, which is rather unintelligent of them, because it is a positive fact that some of our fellow-Britons are not happy unless they have a grievance; and yet there are those who deplore this quality in their neighbors, being apparently incapable of understanding that to go about looking miserable may be somebody else's peculiar way of enjoying himself.

That, at any rate, is not the West-Countryman's way, and it is in the West and the North that the most truly national type of English peasant is to be found. There are certain national arts, notably folk-poetry and folk-music, which survive in greater strength and bulk in these parts than in all the rest of England put together. Folk-poetry and folk-music may be extinguished by the nearness of large towns. Near London we should expect native arts to be overpowered by the artificial products of the great city, so that a love of dancing among the people in or near London might be the result of London influence. Street-arabs dance, and often dance well, though untaught, to barrel-organs. They have seen dancing in pantomime and music-hall, and imitate it nat-

urally; and that in itself goes far to prove that the dancing instinct is natural in "the masses," and comes out at the first chance. But in Somersetshire, which is one of the remotest parts of England, the country people are very often excellent dancers, and that in villages which have little traffic with great towns. Nor is it the case that they see much dancing in the homes of the country gentry, for in many villages there is only the manor house and the parsonage, and very often no dancing at all in either. The fact is that the love of dancing is deep rooted in the English countryman, and it comes out willy-nilly when he gets a chance. But he dances modern dances because the tradition of others is lacking. Step-dancing of an intricate kind was kept up in Somerset until the rise of the present generation, and still lasts here and there; but since it went on mostly in bars and tap-rooms, where the female element was lacking, it was not carried into family life as were the old songs. Also it was difficult to learn; but the Somerset people learn carefully all the newest dances, although they do not often know "Sir Roger de Coverley." Their dancing is generally very correct, and slow to a degree bewildering to those not accustomed to their measure. But country manners are very decorous, and romping is not allowed in dancing; and though the barn-dance in Somerset assumes the air of a minuet in reduced circumstances, the awful spectacle of the Lancers, as danced in some ballrooms, is never seen here.

In a very few parts of England, and by a very few persons, the old English traditional dances have been preserved in full life and vigor. And the point to remark is that in those places where the Morris-dance is revived the country people, most particularly the children, fall in at once with the spirit of the dance, the swing and stamp of

it. These English country dances are a variant of the dances known to almost all European nationalities. The steps in the Morris are the same as in the Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian country dances: feet crossed and lifted in intricate and graceful steps, high jumping, quick and slow stepping, measure and figure performed by the "side" all together. The rhythm of the dance is impossible to miss, accentuated as it is by the bells on stamping feet and clapping hands. That makes the outline of the dance, and the jigging tune that is inseparable from the movements seems to restrain its course, while the dancing in sides keeps the feeling of community throughout.

Dancing, like other art, is the outcome of strong feeling, and all primitive dancing is mimetic, a game of war or a game of some other powerful interest. These games are seen best today in the dances of savage races,—the splendid war-dances of the Zulus (inseparable from music, as are all high forms of dancing), and the lower dances of baser races. Religion had a great deal to do with the origin of dancing. It inspired much of the beautiful choral dances of the Greeks, as it inspires yet the ecstasy of the whirling Dervish. It matters little whether these English dances are really a survival of the old mimic warfare between pretended Moor and Christian, a game of war with all the malice knocked out of it. What does matter is the survival of the game-feeling in them, which makes their performance a true delight to the everlasting child that stays inside most of us, however old we grow. Children take so naturally to these dances that they hardly need teaching; they fall in at once with the swing of step and figure, because the dominating feeling of the Morris-dance is the natural healthy man's delight in life. Nature

has given us powerful feelings, and art cannot exist without them. And within the delightful restraint of rhythm and measure the primitive art of the Morris-dances represents in mimicry bean-setting in spring (which is nothing less than the immemorially ancient pagan invocation of the earth-spirit), hunting and the excitement of the chase, fisticuffs, single-stick, quarterstaff, or even the stamping of cart-horses "with Jockey to the Fair."

Morris-dancing is invaluable as physical training for children. It is impossible for them not to learn the exact value of time-beats, because to keep the dance going the time must be perfect. And the quick jumping steps are a splendid training for balancing the body. Children learn easily and readily because the spirit of the dance inspires them without mental effort. How necessary such inspiration is in the training of children any one can judge who has ever watched the heavy, timeless jump of a small, slow country school drilling. Feet and brains do not work together, and the class jumps all at once, but reaches the ground again at a dozen different times. A child's brain must be overworked unless its small reasoning-power is helped by external inspiration such as this of the dance-swing.

Untaught children take more quickly to the Morris-step than those who have learned the modern fashion of glide and slide. And whether Morris-dancing is actually graceful depends much on the dancer. That it may be so any one can imagine who knows Highland dancing. "Bacco-Pipes" is a humble relation of the sword-dance, and that its origin certainly was a triumph over conquered foes is a conviction that grows upon the performer, measuring his steps across the pipe-stems to the quaint jigging tune. The modern dance has gained in grace and intricacy and refinement of many kinds, but it is

a sophisticated beauty. It has lost something of the spring and freshness of the earlier passion; it has lost most of the game-feeling that keeps the heart of youth in the Morris-dance. Morris-dancing should be taught us first when we are children, and the

The Spectator.

dances of elegance should come second. Dancing, like all other arts, clears the soul; the glorious company of the Apostles, says a Father of the Church, praise their Maker in everlasting dance.

## THE SEASIDE LIFE OF FRANCE.

With the exception of a holiday spent during the summer in one of the many towns and villages scattered along the coast, few Englishmen know anything about the seaside life of France, or of the habits and superstitions of the people; and yet they are even now a distinct race with an heroic past, great traditions, and unique customs. As early as the thirteenth century these, simple and hardy sailors carried on an enormous trade. Their fleets traversed every sea. One captured the Canaries, another merchant squadron sailed up the Tagus and bearded the King of Portugal in his capital. They also claim to have sailed round the Cape of Good Hope before the passage was discovered by the Portuguese; but if this was the case they kept the secret so well that they lost the credit of it. It was they who opened the fur trade in Canada and established a European colony in Senegal; and even now the men travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the women take their full share in the varied life of the great seaport towns and little fishing-villages of the country. Both sexes still retain the characteristics of many centuries ago, and it is only by penetrating into their quaint villages that an insight can be gained into their manners and customs, for each little fishing-village has its own traditions and many of them are deeply interesting. The influence

of the sea, the constant nearness of death, the grandeur of Nature in all her moods which is ever before the fisher-folk, probably account for the difference in their character from the people in other parts of the country.

The fishermen of Northern France are stern, silent, and most extraordinarily superstitious. Many of them still retain their faith in gnomes and fairies, and they are convinced that a great disaster is sure to befall him who forgets to cross himself with holy water on rising in the morning. No one of their number attempts to put to sea on the *Jour des Morts* (All Souls' Day). Their comrades who have perished during the year are in their minds and this reacts upon the imagination, for they allege that ships and ghosts appear and vanish in the most startling manner. A religious service precedes every important event in their lives; no fishermen would dream of putting out to sea in a boat which had not been baptized, and their little churches, scattered all along the coast, are rarely without worshippers, praying for the safety of those at sea and for good hauls of fish. The harbor pilots are important personages in the seaside life of France. They have seen much of the world in their wanderings, and have generally collected a wonderful store of miscellaneous information. Being Government servants they are thoroughly reliable char-



acters, and are the most moral of the whole seafaring class. On the return of a boat from any distant part the pilot goes to meet her. Etiquette forbids his speaking to anyone on board before the captain, to whom he relates everything that has happened during the boat's absence from home. As the men have often been away for several months the excitement to hear the news among the crew is intense.

Besides sailing to the uttermost parts of the earth in pursuit of cod, herring, and mackerel, the French do a large trade with the fish in their own waters. Of these there is a great number, including two sorts of skate, mackerel, soles, turbot, brill, plaice, flounders, bream, and oysters. There are three classes of fisherfolk in Northern France. Some of the men have their own boats, and they hire what assistance they require, buy their own nets, find their own bait, etc.; others hire a boat between them and each man gets so much, while the rest goes to the owner; the third class are too poor to do anything but sell their services. The boats vary in size from five to fifty tons, and generally nine men form a crew. The brotherhood existing among them extends beyond death. The widow of one of their number has a right to send out her nets with the boat to which her husband belonged, and her share of what is caught is scrupulously handed over to her. The women are more remarkable than the men, and they are far better educated. It is they who drag the boats in and out of the little harbors, and who sell the fish in the markets. They are thus brought into contact with the peoples and civilizations of all countries, and no class of women in Europe is so emancipated. They are strong and robust, and their outdoor life and masculine habits—for they belong to the sea as much as do their menfolk—harden their bodies, at the same time

giving them a taste for all masculine pursuits and pleasures. They rarely quarrel with their husbands; indeed, the latter would fare badly did they attempt coercion or ill-treatment in any shape or form, for the women are taller than they are and quite as strong; so the "mere men" of the French coast prefer to keep their skins whole, and treat their wives as "jolly good fellows," which is exactly what they are. They sing their songs and enjoy their glass of cider with the best of their menfolk. Every Saturday night, when the earnings of the week are divided, all contribute to a sumptuous repast of fish and eggs, with plenty of cider. These functions would be considered dreary festivities among the same class in England; for however much they enjoy themselves there is a certain solemnity in all their pleasures. They rarely dance and when they do it is a stately measure, while one of the party sings a song. All their annals are tinged with melancholy.

The commercial system established in the large fishing-towns of Northern France is of a very elaborate and intricate character. As soon as the boats come in and the fish are landed, they are generally sold outright to the *écœur*, the agent between the fisherman and the merchant, who pays the fisherman at once, deducting sometimes as much as 5 per cent. for his services; but he takes all risks and suffers the loss in case of a bad sale. The *écœur*, in his turn, sells the fish to the *mareyeur*, the merchant who provides the baskets and packs and forwards them to Paris and other large towns; he also pays the carriage and the town duties and fees to the market crier. It is he who has to bear the loss of the fish if it arrives in bad condition and is intercepted by the police. In many parts of the coast the fishing is lazily prosecuted, for there is no di-

rect road from some of the coast villages to the inland cities, but the neighboring peasantry often come to the seaside to fish with nets, which they spread out before the tide rises, and in this way secure a supply of food for themselves during the winter, while in the summer the women hawk their produce about the country and manage to make a small sum.

The girls are among the boldest of the fisherfolk, and they wade far out to hunt amongst the sea grass. When the tide goes out a whole army of young people sally forth to catch crabs and prawns, and the occupation requires a considerable amount of dexterity. The former are caught by means of iron hooks. Few of the holes in which the crabs lie escape the sharp eyes of the girls, who insert their hooks, and the crab, resenting this treatment, seizes the hook in a fury; he is then easily lifted out. Prawn-catching is a favorite and profitable employment in the seaside life of France. When the tide goes out, the holes and crannies of the rocks are filled with water, and some of the holes are very deep. The girls wade into them and

*The Outlook.*

scrape the sides and bottoms with their nets. This sounds very simple, but an inexperienced person would not catch more than a dozen during the day, whereas these children have their nets full before the tide turns.

The seaside life of France entails greater hardships and risks than are endured by the peasantry in other parts of the country, but the sturdy, thrifty character of the people stands them in good stead. Everything that can be turned into account is carefully husbanded; even the seaweed left on the shore by the receding tide is taken up in carts and dug into the soil, which it is said to improve by its manuring properties. In all the fishing-villages the wife has the purse, and a tight hold does she keep on the strings, and well does she play her part. Her children are always clean; a hole is never seen in her husband's clothes, though they are often patched beyond recognition, and her own caps and linen are spotlessly white, while she is always cheery and good-tempered. As in all other parts of the country, the woman is the guiding spirit in the seaside life of France.

## THE APPROACHING OPPOSITION OF MARS.

An unusually favorable opposition of Mars is now approaching. Oppositions recur at intervals of about two years and two months, the earth in this period completing two revolutions and two-sevenths, Mars one and two-sevenths. These oppositions do not, however, all afford an equally close approach to the planet, since its orbit is decidedly eccentric, far more so than that of the earth, so that its distance from the sun varies between 153 and 128 millions of miles. The most favorable oppositions occur when it is nearest the sun, and these repeat

themselves at intervals of seven oppositions, or 15 years. A table follows giving details of four favorable oppositions and two unfavorable ones:—

Date of least distance from earth	Dist. in millions of miles	Declination
1892 Aug. 6   Favorable	35	24° South
1894 Oct. 13   Oppositions	40	9° North
1899 Jan. 16   Unfavorable	60	24° North
1901 Feb. 23   Oppositions	63	15° North
1907 July 13   Favorable	38	28° South
1909 Sep. 18   Oppositions	39	4° South

It will be seen that the planet will be nearer next September than it has been since 1892 and the fact of its being 20° further north than then far more than makes up (to European ob-

servers) for the slightly greater distance; hence it is not surprising that the planet is now receiving a considerable amount of attention, especially as there are several large instruments available that were not erected in 1894. It was in that year that Professor Percival Lowell inaugurated his observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, for the special purpose of making a continuous study of Mars under all configurations, and his work there has marked a notable advance in our knowledge of the planet's markings. The site was chosen with great care after many experiments, with a view to securing the best possible telescopic definition. The observatory is at an altitude of seven thousand feet, on the slopes of San Francisco Peak, Arizona; the mountain is clothed with pine and other trees, while it is surrounded by the great American desert, and it is probable that this combination explains the excellent definition, the dry desert air securing clearness, while the oasis of vegetation protects the ground from overheating, with consequent unsteadiness. Perhaps the most important single result obtained here was the successful photography of the planet, commenced four years ago by Professor Lowell's assistants, Lampland and Slipher, and repeated with still greater success in 1907; plates were used that were very sensitive to the red end of the spectrum, and a large number of short exposures were given, so as to give more opportunity of catching the moments of best definition. Some of the exposures show one region of the planet well, some show another; but the principal canals appear on so many as to leave no doubt of their objective reality; and it must be remembered that, before these photographs were taken, this was not universally conceded, some asserting that they were wholly the product of optical illusion. It must be admitted

that the canals as photographed are much broader and less well-defined than as shown in the drawings; this is inevitable from the size of the grain of the plate, and on the whole these photographs greatly increase our confidence in the accuracy of the drawings; in fact, we can trust these up to a certain point as corresponding to actual detail on the planet; it is, however, questionable whether Professor Lowell does not press them further in this direction than is legitimate. Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney has reminded us in his recent pamphlet, "Telescopic Vision," that, owing to diffraction and interference, the telescopic image cannot give us an absolutely perfect representation of the original; thus in a microscope, when we press magnifying power beyond what the aperture will warrant, we get spurious images. Some of the very fine detail drawn by Lowell, such as the dark spots, or "oases," where the canals cross, or the triangular "carets," where they leave the dusky regions for the "deserts," may be of this spurious character, and one should always bear in mind the possibility of optical illusion in discussing details that are on the very limit of visibility.

Professor Lowell may claim to have made the presence of water on Mars extremely probable; the proof is twofold; first, the polar caps when melting are surrounded by a bluish band which follows them as they shrink, and whose light is said to show traces of polarization, though this last is such a delicate observation that too much stress should not be laid on it. Now carbonic acid does not pass through the liquid stage in melting (at least at the pressure which we must suppose to exist in the Martian atmosphere), so that this is evidence that the polar caps are composed of snow rather than frozen carbonic acid. The other piece of evidence is spectroscopic; Mr.

Slipher last year succeeded in photographing the Martian spectrum well beyond the point in the red where the great "a" band due to water-vapor lies; the water-vapor band shows unmistakably on the spectrum; this in itself is not conclusive, since the vapor might be in our own air; the moon's spectrum was therefore photographed at a similar altitude, and the "a" bands are much fainter in it, thus making it probable that water-vapor is present in Mars's atmosphere. That the amount must be very scanty is shown in various ways. First it has been shown that the dusky areas formerly called "seas" are not really so, since permanent canaliform markings have been traced across them, also since they show no polarization, and no sign of a reflected image of the sun, though this has been most carefully looked for. Secondly, because the polar caps melt so quickly (sometimes disappearing entirely) that it is evident the deposition of snow or frost must be shallow. Thirdly, because of the great clearness of the Martian air, and the rarity of cloud or mist. Professor Lowell strongly supports the theory that the canals are artificial, and have been constructed to conduct the scanty water supply over the planet for purposes of irrigation; in support of this he claims to have observed that they have a period of greatest visibility twice in the Martian year, those nearest the melting polar cap first becoming conspicuous, and the wave of visibility passing in succession down the latitudes, across the equator, till it dies out near the other cap, which in turn begins to melt, and sends a similar wave of visibility in the opposite direction. This, if fully established, would be very strong confirmation of his theory, but the canals at best are such difficult objects that we can scarcely feel entire confidence in slight changes in their degree of visi-

The Times.

bility. His result, however, is based on several years' observations, and he states that the present appearance of Mars is in full accord with his expectation. We learn from the *Bulletin de la Société astronomique de France* for June that serious efforts are to be made in America to signal to the hypothetical inhabitants, Professor W. H. Pickering proposing to flash the sun by means of a large mirror mounted equatorially, while Professor Todd will be on the look-out for possible wireless messages reaching our earth from outer space. It must be admitted that this last sounds decidedly fantastic; but it is probable that the astronomers are carrying out these plans not so much on their own initiative as at the urgent request of wealthy Americans who have been persuaded by Professor Lowell's book of the existence of Martian inhabitants, and of the feasibility of communicating with them. It is clear, however, that even if we grant the inhabitants the chance, that they and we should simultaneously entertain the idea of sending or receiving signals is very slender. There is the further difficulty that when Mars is in opposition the earth is in conjunction with the sun, and therefore invisible. Signals sent from earth to Mars would have to be made some six weeks earlier or later, when the distance was much greater. No signal that we could make would be seen by dwellers in Mars unless they possessed optical instruments of a high degree of perfection. However, our interest in the planet is not dependent on the possible recognition of signs of intelligent life; many of those who have done good observing work have looked on the solution of this question as something altogether beyond our reach, and have been content to delineate the changing detail of the surface, without hoping to find an explanation of all they saw.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

If the reading world could quite forget "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Anthony Hope should republish it, how many editions would it see? Not half, probably not one tenth as many as when it made its species fashionable. Imitated by at least a score of successful writers, and by as many justly unsuccessful, it would indeed have the charm of agreeable writing and would please the select few, but the royalty which is not royalty, the subject who simulates or is made to simulate royalty, and the subject who marries royalty are now as commonplace as Darby and Joan. As for the imaginary kingdom, those who construct it now take no more trouble than is necessary to make it a bob for the Hapsburg or Hohenzollern kite, and Mr. Harold Macgrath takes even less for his "The Goose Girl" and leaves the scene detached. The lover is Irish, but an American citizen and a fine fellow and the two heroines are charming. The three princes and two realms are equally fantastic, but pleasantly mysterious and it is only because its species is so large that the story fails to awaken enthusiasm in the reader. Those to whom the book comes as a first novel will not quarrel with it. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The old fashioned whaling story, the "There she blows!" and "Starn all!" yarn is having a revival, and those familiar with whaling fiction only in its later phases with much glorified scenery and a love-story introduced, will find the elder style an agreeable change. Time was when every Massachusetts boy and girl could have learned the routine of whale fishing from the school "readers" and geographies, but after the year of misfortune not only from the school books but tune the topic seemed to have departed

from conversation and from literature. Now comes a rumor that the right whale is returning and that whale oil and "parmaceti for the inward bruise" may come again, and so Mr. James Cooper Wheeler may be held to have chosen a fortunate moment for publishing his "There She Blows," a whaling yarn. It tells of one of the old-fashioned long voyages through many seas and describes not only the taking of the whale, but the disposition of his carcass, and the storage of the various valuable parts. The narrator is one of the crew and gives the hero's place to the captain, a shrewd, just man, who controls his crew because he understands each and every one of them. The book would have been worth writing if for no other purpose than to exhibit a man of this type. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Prof. R. M. Johnston's "The French Revolution" announces itself as "A Short History," and as it consists of less than three hundred pages the name is certainly justified. It is also an almost impartial history, equally free from rhapsodies on liberty and lamentations over the fall of picturesque unworthiness, and not exalting the claim of the fourteenth of July to be regarded as momentous in the history of liberty. If one could wish that a little more emphasis were laid upon the enormity of the patrician folly which fluently prattled of philosophical theories too mischievous to be mentioned with safety, it is no small compensation to read the neat, contemptuous phrases with which the fashionable, sweet sensibility is treated. The horrors of the Terror are described as curtly as may be, but in words so well chosen that their frightfulness is by no means diminished. Indeed, the death of the Prin-

cess de Lamballe has not many times, if ever, been so effectively described as in Professor Johnston's eight direct lines. An introductory chapter entitled "The Perspective of the French Revolution," and a second describing Versailles lead to the consideration of the economic crisis and the measures taken to meet it and these are all the preliminaries which the author permits himself; he nowhere indulges in that portrait drawing which is the almost invariable characteristic of histories of the French Revolution, but an occasional sketch, embodied in a phrase or two, shows that his abstinence does not proceed from inability. His preface does not say whether or not his work is intended for school or college use, but if it be, a chronological table and a fuller index should be added. Fabred Eglantine's nomenclature of the months and the rule for translating Julian dates into Revolutionary phrase make a welcome addition to the ordinary history of the period. Henry Holt & Co.

When Kant, or John Wilson, benevolently acting in his place, wrote that any man's full, candid, and unaffected account of what he had seen and thought would make the most interesting and instructive book in the world, he did not, it is fairly evident, intend that such an account should include every detail of every year, much less of every day. Comparatively few actions of a man's life from its beginning to its end are in the least interesting, and none but the Omniscent can know the bearing of many of them, and in most hands such a book would be a weariness to its readers. Mr. William Allen White is an exception inasmuch as his "A Certain Rich Man" is not dull throughout all its length, but only at the beginning which he is so ill-advised as to write in the fashion of "The Court of Boyville." The remainder of the book is an extraordi-

narily good study of thorough-going fiendishness. The subject of the study, John Barclay, clever while a boy, his small wants supplied by his mother's toll, becomes a little fiend as soon as he begins to depend upon himself, sacrificing all persons whose evil fate puts them in his way to his love of money, and thereafter his only change is in size. The loss of the young girl who loves him does affect him slightly, but having already set foot in the downward road of utter selfishness he takes no step backward. He drives every creature upon whom he has any influence either to misery or to sin, and takes measures which kill his wife, for no other end than to obtain money, and always he sins against knowledge. He repents at last, and sets himself right with the world at the expense of his entire fortune and for four years lives the life of a man, and then is given the privilege of dying in a manly fashion. His friends forgave him with wonderful charity, his mother loved him even while she despised his sin, and they and she wept over his grave, but Mr. White cannot convey the slightest glimmer of his charm to the reader once advised of his wickedness and he is the most repulsive creature to be found in modern fiction. Still Mr. White has produced a work of art. That he has not been able to blot out the memory of the sin by the picture of the repentance is merely to say that he is human and that his readers are like unto him and cannot forget in the very act of forgiving. Even the forgiveness is a severe task and it is to be feared that in real life repentance even at the cost of millions would by no means end such hostility as Barclay had richly earned; but Mr. White has drawn some uncommonly good Christians to offset Barclay and has made a book worth all of his former work taken together. The Macmillan Company.



s  
e  
n  
s  
s  
-  
l  
e  
y  
e  
t  
t  
r  
l.  
n  
y  
h  
o  
s  
t  
e  
e  
-  
e  
l-  
s  
ul  
n  
y  
r.  
t  
r  
e  
e  
r.  
t.  
t  
-  
y  
s  
n  
e  
s  
t-  
d  
s  
r.  
y  
d  
s  
e